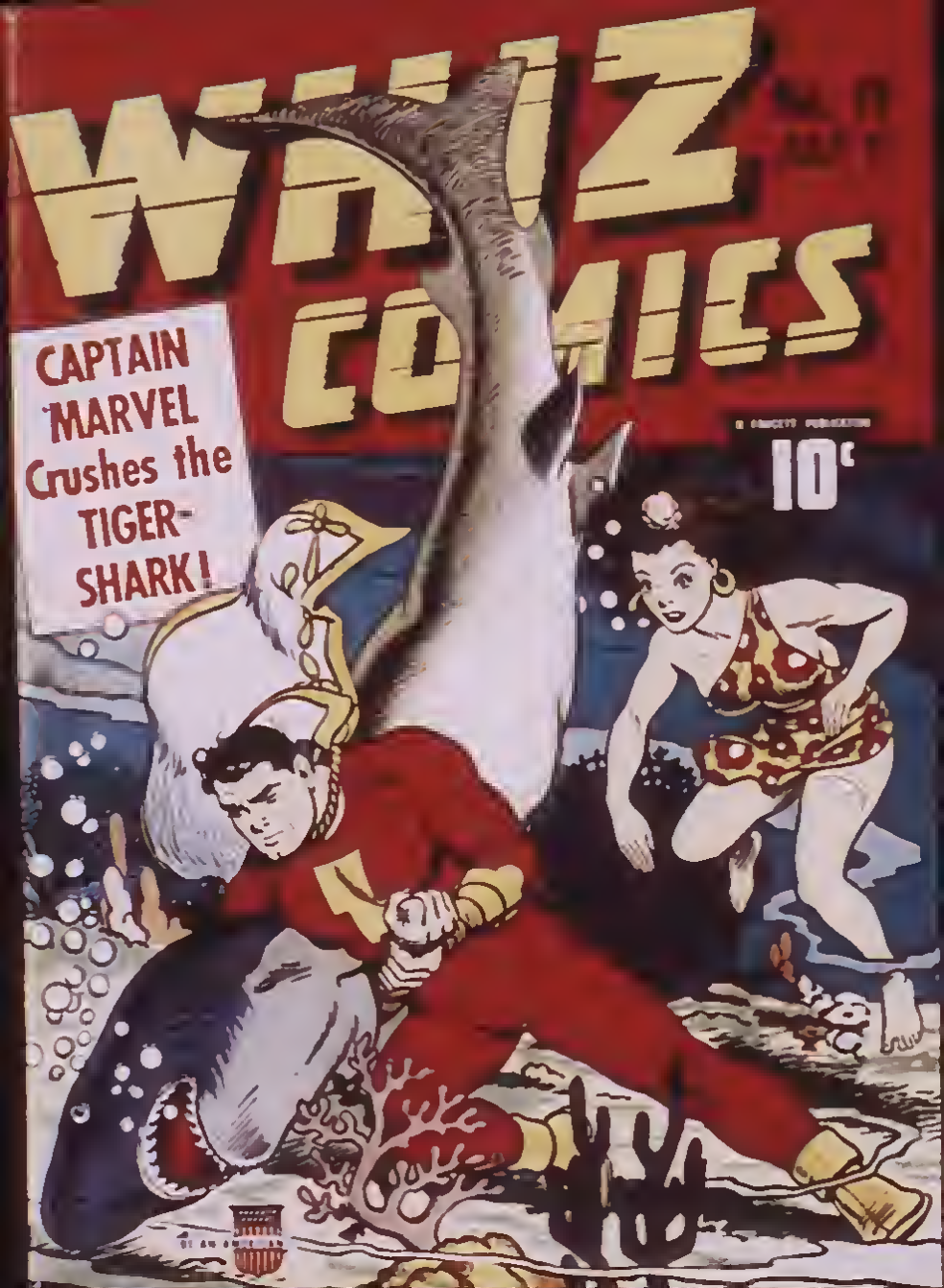
WHIZ
COMICS
CAPTAIN MARVEL Crushes the TIGER-SHARK!
10c

# BOYS!

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# CAPT. MARVEL and the BLACK MAGICIAN

FOLKS, YOU SHOULD NEVER SAY TOO MUCH AGAINST A THING YOU DON'T KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT. I ALMOST GOT MYSELF FINISHED OFF ONE TIME WHEN I— WELL, HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED—
—YOU CAN TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, FOLKS, THE STORIES OF WITCHCRAFT AND BLACK MAGIC WHICH COME OUT OF THE BACK-COUNTRY FROM TIME TO TIME ARE MOSTLY PURE IMAGINATION
BILLY BATSON'S EVENING NEWS BROADCASTS ARE LISTENED TO IN COUNTLESS HOMES THROUGHOUT THE NATION—
AND TO MORROW I'LL EXPOSE MORE OF THIS SO-CALLED MAGIC. BILLY BATSON SIGNING OFF NOW!
WE'LL HAVE TO TEACH THIS LAD TO RESPECT OUR BLACK ART, EH, MID? I THINK WE'LL PAY HIM A VISIT!
BAH! THAT LITTLE SHAZAM!
—EVEN BACK IN THE HILLS WHERE PEOPLE LIVE ALMOST AS THEY DID 300 YEARS AGO, HIS VOICE IS KNOWN.

JULY 11, 1941. VOL. 4, NO. 19

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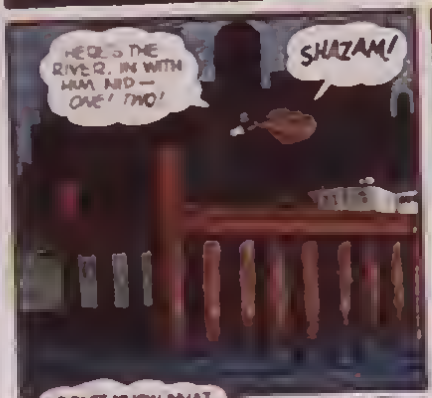
HERE HE COMES, NED READY?
READY PAW
TWO NIGHTS LATER.

GOT HIM! INTO THE SACK WITH HIM, NED!


HERE'S THE RIVER. IN WITH HIM, NED — ONE! TWO!
SHAZAM!

BOOM!
YOU NEED A BIGGER SACK TO HOLD ME, GENTLEMEN!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BOYS, BUT IT'S MY TURN NOW!
STOP!
LET US GO, YOU BIG—

LET YOU GO? OF COURSE.

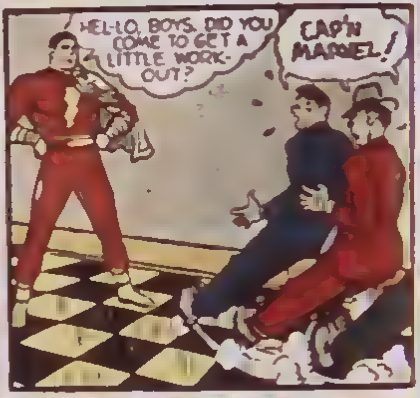
WATER— UGH! I DON'T LIKE THIS!
HA! HA! HA! NOTHING LIKE A COLD BATH TO COOL OFF HOT TEMPERS
LISTEN TO HIM LAUGH!
I STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT BIG RED FELLOW CAME FROM
NOR I! BUT THERE WILL BE OTHER NIGHTS! WE WILL CATCH BILLY BAT-SON AGAIN!
FOO! HOW THIS STUFF SMELLS!
THAT MEANS THE CHARM IS WORKING. QUICK—DOUBLE THE MIXTURE. BRING IT TO A BOIL—
IN AN ABANDONED SHACK NEAR THE RIVER THE OLD WIZARD AND HIS SON HAVE SET UP THEIR WEIRD EQUIPMENT.
WHY, MUH! IT'S MONEY!
OF COURSE MADE BY MAGIC—AND WITH IT WE'LL HIRE SOME BIG STRONG MEN OF OUR OWN!
CRIKES, OLD TIMER—THAT BIRD YOU'RE TANGLIN' WIT' SOUNDS TO ME LIKE CAPTN MARVEL, AN' I DON'T WANT NO PART OF HIM, BUT—
AH! BUT YOU'LL HARDLY REFUSE PAYMENT LIKE THIS!
HEY! THAT AIN'T CAPTN MARVEL! THAT'S JUST A KID!
THAT'S HIM, MEN. NOW GOAB HIM WHEN HE COMES OUT. I'LL WAIT OUTSIDE
ANOTHER NIGHT AT THE BROADCASTING STUDIO.

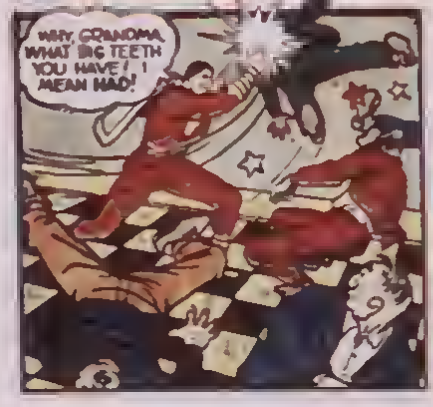
WHAT'S THIS?
JUST SOME RADIO FANS, SONNY— COME ALONG, WE'RE GIVIN' A PARTY FER YA!

WAIT UP, YA LITTLE PUNK!
THERE'S JUST ONE THING TO DO

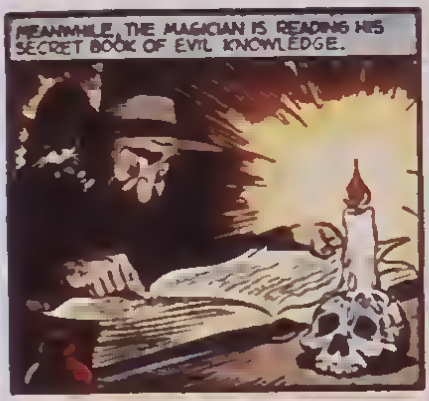
SHAZAM!

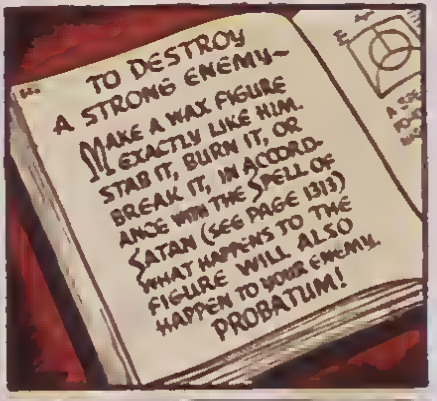
SHAZAM


HEL-LO, BOYS. DID YOU COME TO GET A LITTLE WORK-OUT?
CAP'N MARVEL!


WHY, GRANDMA, WHAT BIG TEETH YOU HAVE! I MEAN HAD!

?
SCRAM, KID! CAP'N MARVEL'S IN THERE!


MEANWHILE, THE MAGICIAN IS READING HIS SECRET BOOK OF EVIL KNOWLEDGE.


TO DESTROY A STRONG ENEMY— MAKE A WAX FIGURE EXACTLY LIKE HIM. STAB IT, BURN IT, OR BREAK IT, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE SPELL OF SATAN (SEE PAGE 1313) WHAT HAPPENS TO THE FIGURE WILL ALSO HAPPEN TO YOUR ENEMY! PROBATUM!

SOUNDS WORTH TRYING, EH, LUCIFER?

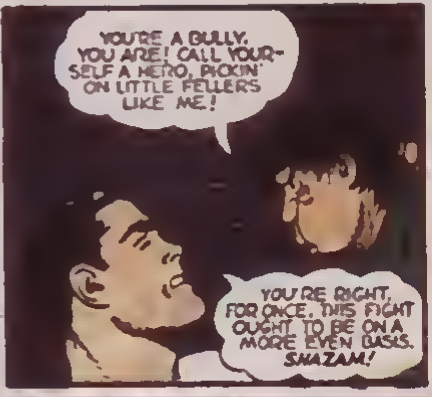
I ALWAYS DID HAVE A TALENT FOR SCULPTURE.
SEIZING THE CANDLE, THE OLD MAN CARVES IT INTO THE LIKENESS OF HIS "ENEMY."

YEP. AND FOR PAINTING, TOO—THAT LOOKS MORE LIKE BILLY BATSON THAN ME DOES HIMSELF.

OH, THERE YOU ARE. IF YOU WERE A FOOT HIGHER I'D—
WHIZ

GEE-UP THERE YOU OL' STICK. GEE-UP!
WHEEEE! THIS IS JUST LIKE DAW DOES IT! LET'S SEE YOU GIT ME NOW!
MUGOSH!
SWOOSH
OKAY, FELLA HERE I COME TO GIT YOU
DAW! HELP!
FIRST WE'LL GET RID OF THIS TRICK STICK OF YOURS.
I'LL BE KILLED!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
I'LL SAVE YOU- WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET
SEE? I SAID YOU'D BE SAVED!

NOW, YOU DRIED-UP PACKAGE OF RAT-POISON I OUGHT TO—
DON'T HIT ME, YOU BIG BULLY! I'M SMALLER'N YOU.


YOU'RE A BULLY, YOU ARE! CALL YOURSELF A HERO, PICKIN' ON LITTLE FELLERS LIKE ME!
YOU'RE RIGHT, FOR ONCE. THIS FIGHT OUGHT TO BE ON A MORE EVEN BASIS. SHAZAM!

BLAAM
NOW I'M SMALLER THAN YOU. COME ON, LET'S BATTLE IT OUT!
AT'S MORE LIKE IT, BILLY BATSON. I'LL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT BLACK MAGIC!

THERE'S NO MAGIC LIKE A GOOD HARD JAB IN THE SNOOT!
OWW!

HAD ENOUGH? OR DO YOU WANT TO TASTE MY LEFT HOOK?
DON'T HIT ME! I'LL TELL PAW WE'RE LICKED AND WE'LL GO BACK HOME!

FIRST TO SILENCE HIS BLABBING MOUTH—THIS BIT OF CHEESE MAKES A FINE GAG.
AT THE SAME TIME THE WIZARD CONTINUES TO WEAVE HIS EVIL SPELL.

NOW A PIN, TO TAKE THE STRENGTH FROM HIS RIGHT ARM — SO!

UHHHH-UGGG?
WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU IN TROUBLE, I HOPE?
FAR AWAY, THE CHARM STRIKES BILLY—HIS MOUTH WILL NOT FORM WORDS, HIS RIGHT ARM WILL NOT MOVE FROM HIS SIDE.

NOW WHO'S GETTING THE WALLOPING? HA! HA!

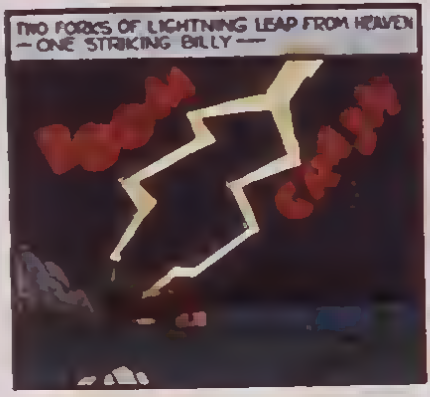
THIS BIGGER PIN WILL CRIPPLE HIS LEGS.

YOU'RE HELPLESS! I'LL TAKE YOU TO PAW— YOU'LL NEVER GIT AWAY NOW!
?

NOW, LET'S SEE—HM. "A TWIG OF ELDERWOOD TO PIERCE THE DUMMY'S HEART"—THAT WILL BE THE END!

PURRR—PURRRR —
WHILE THE WIZARD IS OUT SEARCHING FOR THE ELDERWOOD TWIG, THE CAT EATS AWAY THE CHEESE FROM THE DUMMY'S MOUTH.

AH! WE'RE ALMOST THERE BILLY BATSON
HEY! I CAN TALK! SHAZAM!


TWO FORKS OF LIGHTNING LEAP FROM HEAVEN —ONE STRIKING BILLY —
KAOW
CRASH

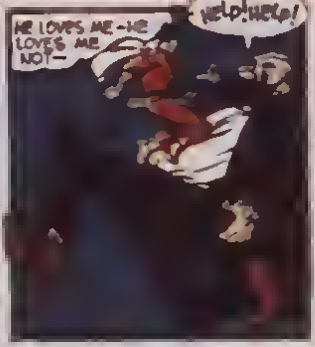
OOPS! PARDON ME!
YOU HERE AGAIN, YOU BIG RED BRUTE?

—AND THE OTHER SLIDING DOWN THE CHIMNEY TO FLICK THIS WAX FIGURE
BOOM

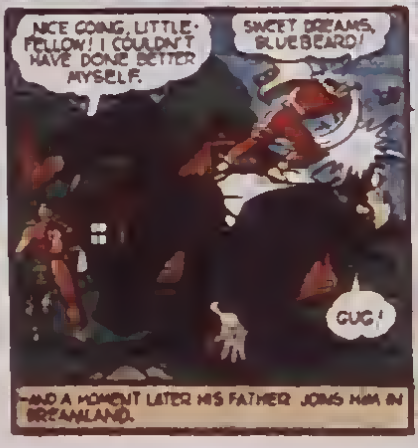
AT ONCE THE DUMMY OF BILLY BATSON BECOMES LIVING STATUE OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY WAX DOLL? WHO BROUGHT THIS THING IN?
WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, UGLY—

—I'M ONE "THING" YOU HADN'T COUNTED ON!


HE LOVES ME—HE LOVES ME NOT—
Help!Help!

WHAT'S THIS?
TAKE HIM AWAY! TAKE HIM AWAY!
THE DOORKNOB CRASHES DOWN ON THE HEAD AND KNOCKS HIM UNCONSCIOUS—


NICE GOING, LITTLE FELLOW! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF.
SWEET DREAMS, BLUEBEARD!
GUG!
—AND A MOMENT LATER HIS FATHER JOINS HIM IN DREAMLAND.

HERE'S THE OTHER ONE, SMORTY. KEEP AN EYE ON THEM WHILE I LOOK THROUGH THEIR SHACK.
RIGHT!

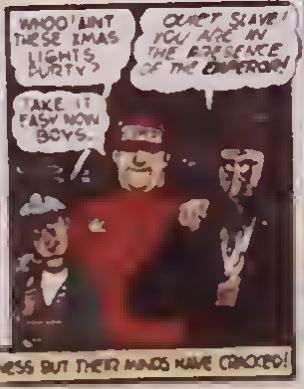
THAT WILL SETTLE THAT — NO MORE BLACK MAGIC

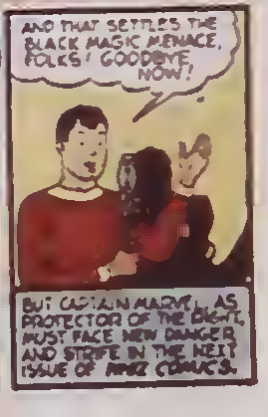
WOW!
THE MAGICIANS BOOK GOES UP IN A BLAZE OF WEIRD FLAMES.

—AND WHEN MARVEL RETURNS TO THE TINY FIGURE OF HIMSELF HE FINDS IT ONCE MORE ONLY A STATUE.
THIS IS JUST A WAX FIGURE AGAIN— A NICE SOUVENIR.

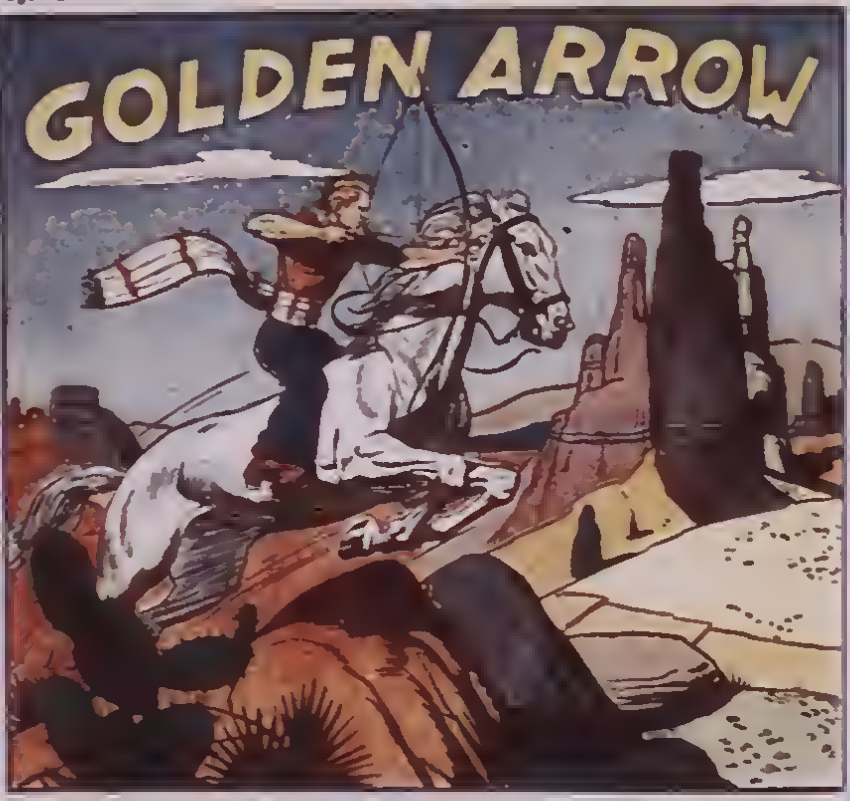
COME ALONG, KITTY, I'LL FIND A NICE HOME FOR YOU. AND I'VE GOT A GOOD PLACE FOR THESE TWO PICKED OUT TOO.
MEOW?

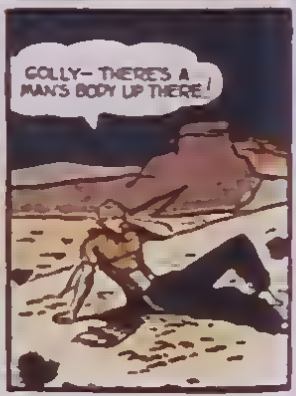
HERE ARE A COUPLE OF CUSTOMERS FOR YOU, DOC. TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM.
MEOW?


WHOO! AIN'T THESE XMAS LIGHTS PURTY?
QUIET SLAVE! YOU ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE EMPEROR!
TAKE IT EASY NOW BOYS.
THE EVIL PAIR RECOVER CONSCIOUSNESS BUT THEIR MINDS HAVE CRACKED!

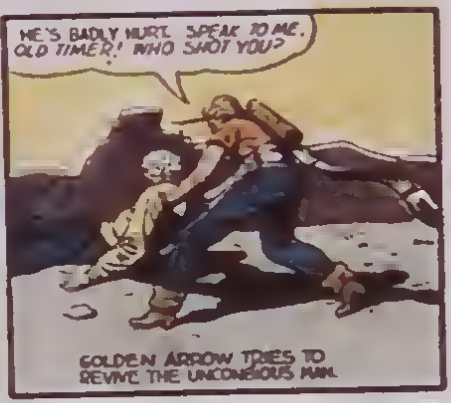

AND THAT SETTLES THE BLACK MAGIC MENACE, FOLKS! GOODBYE NOW!
BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL, AS PROTECTOR OF THE LIGHT, MUST FACE NEW DANGER AND STRIFE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WHIZ COMICS.

# GOLDEN ARROW

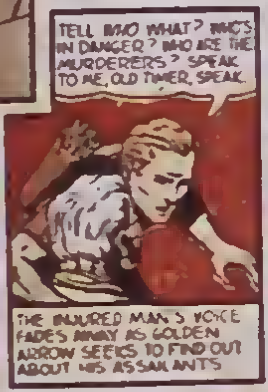




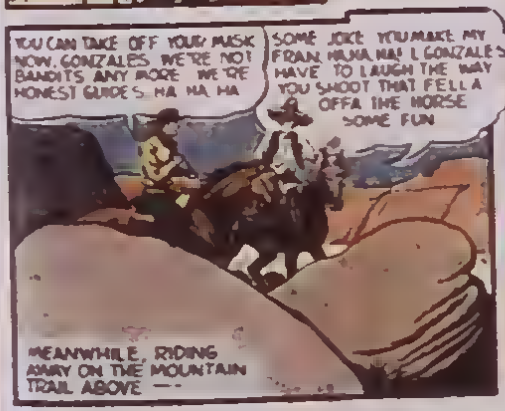
POOR CHAP—MAYBE IT'S TOO LATE TO HELP HIM

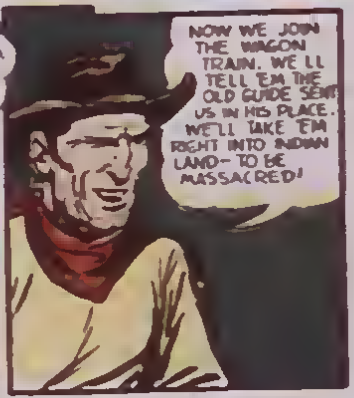

HE'S BADLY HURT. SPEAK TO ME, OLD TIMER! WHO SHOT YOU?
GOLDEN ARROW TRIES TO REVIVE THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN.

I'M THE GUIDE. SHOT—ME WAGON TRAIN—COMING. GREAT DANGER—MURDERS—TELL—TELL 'EM——


TELL WHO WHAT? WHO'S IN DANGER? WHO ARE THE MURDERERS? SPEAK TO ME, OLD TIMER, SPEAK.
THE INJURED MAN'S VOICE FADES AWAY AS GOLDEN ARROW SEEKS TO FIND OUT ABOUT HIS ASSAILANTS

HE'S—HE'S DEAD!


YOU CAN TAKE OFF YOUR MASK NOW, GONZALES. WE'RE NOT BANDITS ANY MORE. WE'RE HONEST GUIDES. HA HA HA
SOME JOKE YOU MAKE MY FRIAN. HUHA HA! GONZALES. HAVE TO LAUGH THE WAY YOU SHOOT THAT FELLA OFFA THE HORSE SOME FUN
MEANWHILE, RIDING AWAY ON THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL ABOVE ——


NOW WE JOIN THE WAGON TRAIN. WE'LL TELL 'EM THE OLD GUIDE SENT US IN HIS PLACE. WE'LL TAKE 'EM RIGHT INTO INDIAN LAND—TO BE MASSACRED!

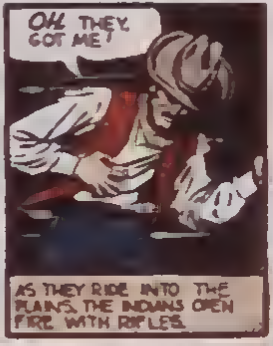
HI THERE YOUR HONOR, YOUR OLD SCOUT GOT THROWED OFF A HORSE AND BUSTED HIS LEG—SO HE SENT US TO GUIDE
SORRY TO HEAR HE BROKE HIS LEG, BUT RIGHTY HAPPY TO BE COME BODY TO GUIDE US WE AIN'T FAMILIAR W TH THIS TERRITORY
OUIRT AND GONZALES PRESENT THEMSELVES TO JONES, LEADER OF A SETTLER WAGON TRAIN
I DON'T KNOW WHAT DANGER THAT OLD SCOUT WAS TALKING ABOUT BUT I'LL NOTIFY THE COMMANDING OFFICER AT THE FORT THEY CAN SEND AN EXPEDITION OF SOLDIERS TO GUARD THE SETTLERS.
MEANWHILE, GOLDEN ARROW SEEKS AID FOR THE WAGON TRAIN.
THE COLONEL IS OUT ON A SCOUTING EXPEDITION AND I'M IN CHARGE HERE NOW. YOU DON'T EXPECT US TO BELIEVE ANY WILD FAIRY TALE LIKE THIS, DO YOU? THE OLD SCOUT WAS PROBABLY OUT OF HIS HEAD. THERE'S NO DANGER IN THIS TERRITORY
THE OFFICER DOESN'T BELIEVE GOLDEN ARROW.
BUT, SIR, IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY I INSIST THAT YOU SEND SOME SOLDIERS TO HELP THESE POOR PEOPLE!
THIS BOY IS TRYING TO ARGUE WITH THE ARMY—LOCK HIM UP!
THIS OFFICIOUS OFFICER, DRUNK WITH HIS OWN POWER, ORDERS THE ARREST OF GOLDEN ARROW.
THIS IS THE MOST STUPID THING I EVER HEARD OF. YOU ARE NOT WORTHY OF YOUR UNIFORMS!
WOULDN'T IT BE SIMPLER TO SHOOT HIM RIGHT NOW, CAPTAIN? THAT WOULD SAVE THE COST OF FEEDING HIM—HA, HA!
THE SOLDIERS TAKE THE ARREST AS A BIG JOKE—THEY WANT TO FRIGHTEN THE BOY!
WHO SAYS WE'RE GOING TO FEED HIM, HA, HA?

SORRY TO DO THIS TO AN ARMY MAN - BUT I HAVEN'T TIME FOR JOKES
SHOOT HIM, HE'S RUNNING AWAY!
BANG BANG BANG
ESCAPING, GOLDEN ARROW GRABS A ROPE-
HIT THE ROAD, WHITE WIND!
SORRY TO SPOIL THE FUN, BUT I'VE GOT A DATE WITH DANGER!
-AND SCALES THE STOCKADE WALL.
THAT MUST BE THE WAGON TRAIN DOWN THERE AND THEY'RE HEADING RIGHT INTO RENEGADE INDIAN TERRITORY. IF THEY AREN'T WARNED THEY'LL ALL BE SCALPED!
FASTER, FELLOW! IF THE ARMY WON'T HELP THAT WAGON TRAIN, WE'VE GOT TO!
BANG BANG

WA-HOOO!
YEEEE!
EVEN AS GOLDEN ARROW WATCHES HE SEES THE MURDEROUS REDSKINS RIDING DOWN THE OPPOSITE CLIFF TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING WAGON TRAIN IN THE VALLEY.
WHAT'S HAPPENING!
HEY! LEGGO THAT HORSE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET THE WAGONS IN A CIRCLE—NO TIME TO EXPLAIN.
LOOK AT THAT FELLOW ON THE WHITE HORSE—HE'S CRAZY!
LEGGO THAT HORSE, YOU MADMAN, OR I'LL LASH YOU WITH THIS WHIP.
HEY! WHAT'S UP?
SORRY, BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE TAKING A WHIPPING.

WELL I'LL BE HANGED

LOOK! INDIANS!

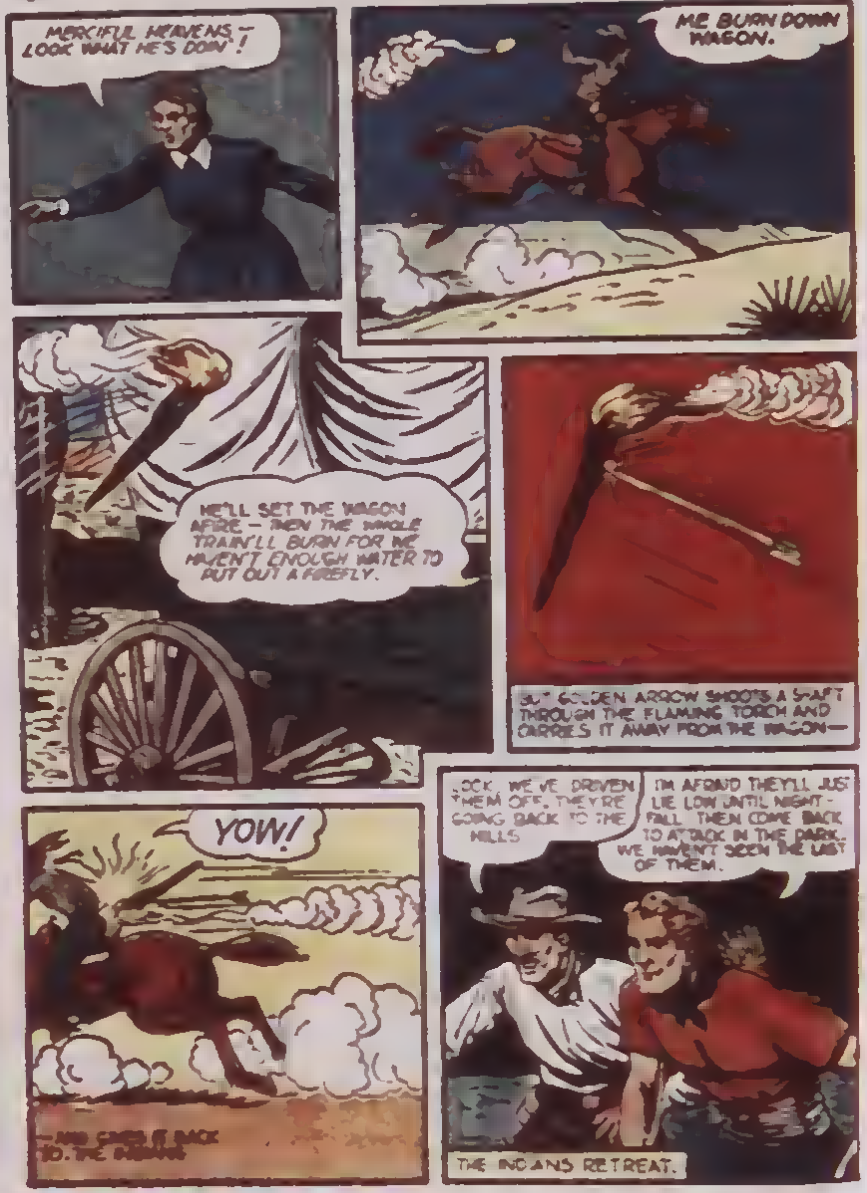

OH THEY GOT ME!
AS THEY RIDE INTO THE PLAINS, THE INDIANS OPEN FIRE WITH RIFLES.

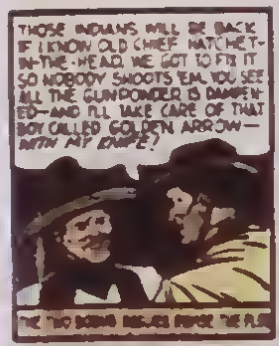
DOWN BEHIND THE WAGONS, EVERYBODY—AND DON'T WASTE LEAD!

THEY'D A-SCALPED US WITHOUT WARNIN' IF YOU COME ALONG, YOUNG FELLA
SAVE YOUR BREATH, FRIEND. WE WILL HAVE TO DO PLENTY OF FIGHTING OR THEY MAY SCALP US ALL YET.

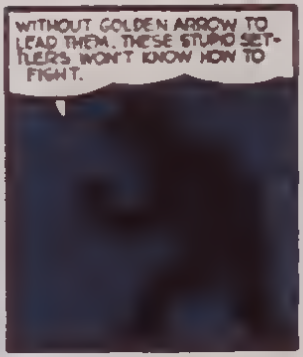
AH-EEEEE!
THE BLOOD-THIRSTY INDIANS RACE TOWARD THE WAGONS

UGH!
BUT SHARP SHOOTING BY SETTLERS HOLD THEM BACK


MERCIFUL HEAVENS — LOOK WHAT HE'S DOIN'!
ME BURN DOWN WAGON.
HE'LL SET THE WAGON AFIRE — THEN THE WHOLE TRAIN'LL BURN FOR WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH WATER TO PUT OUT A FIREFLY.
BUT GOLDEN ARROW SHOOTS A SHAFT THROUGH THE FLAMING TORCH AND CARRIES IT AWAY FROM THE WAGON—
YOW!
—AND CARRIES IT BACK TO THE INDIANS
LOOK, WE'VE DRIVEN THEM OFF. THEY'RE GOING BACK TO THE HILLS
I'M AFRAID THEY'LL JUST LIE LOW UNTIL NIGHT-FALL, THEN COME BACK TO ATTACK IN THE DARK. WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF THEM.
THE INDIANS RETREAT.

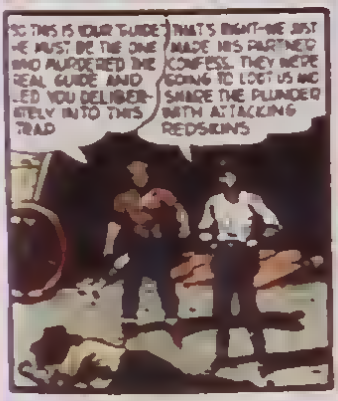

THOSE INDIANS WILL BE BACK. IF I KNOW OLD CHIEF HATCHET-IN-THE-HEAD, WE GOT TO FIX IT SO NOBODY SHOOTS 'EM. YOU SEE ALL THE GUNPOWDER IS DAMPENED—AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BOY CALLED GOLDEN ARROW—WITH MY KNIFE!
THE TWO SCOUNDRELS ENTER THE PUB.

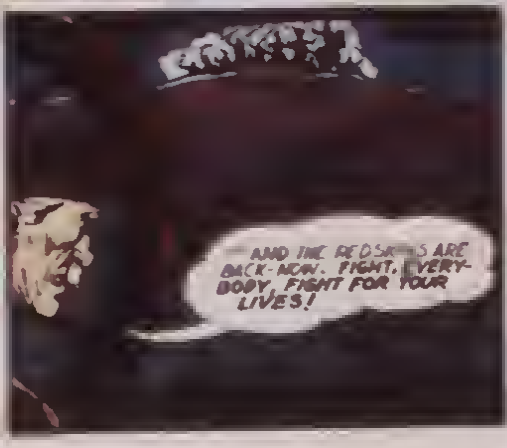
IT'S DARK ENOUGH NOW. THOSE SAVAGES WILL BE BACK PRETTY SOON AND THEN WE'LL HAVE A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS.

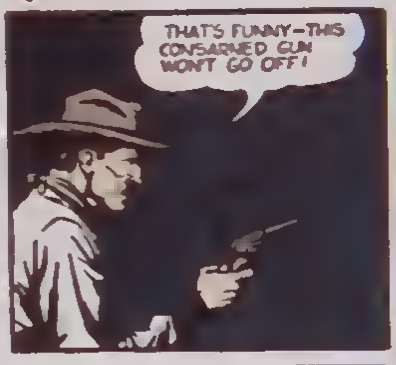

WITHOUT GOLDEN ARROW TO LEAD THEM, THESE STUPID SETTLERS WON'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT.

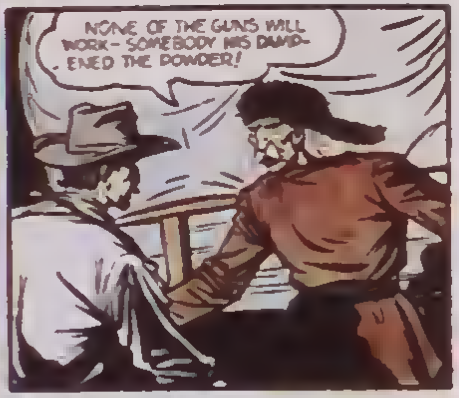
STEALTHILY THE FAKE GUIDE CREEPS BEHIND THE YOUNG ARCHER.

OOOH!
BUT QUIRT DIDN'T REALIZE THAT GOLDEN ARROW HAS AN ALLY WITH A SIXTH SENSE FOR DANGER TO HIS BELOVED MASTER.


SO THIS IS YOUR GUIDE! HE MUST BE THE ONE WHO MURDERED THE REAL GUIDE AND LED YOU DELIBERATELY INTO THIS TRAP
THAT'S RIGHT—HE JUST MADE HIS PARTNER CONFESS. THEY WERE GOING TO LOOT US AND SHARE THE PLUNDER WITH ATTACKING REDSKINS


—AND THE REDSKINS ARE BACK—NOW. FIGHT, EVERYBODY, FIGHT FOR YOUR LIVES!


THAT'S FUNNY—THIS CONSARNED GUN WON'T GO OFF!


NONE OF THE GUNS WILL WORK—SOMEBODY HAS DAMP-ENED THE POWDER!

I'LL RIDE OUT THERE TO MEET THEM MAYBE I CAN PERSUADE THE CHIEF TO LET YOU ALL GO FREE IF YOU LET THEM HAVE THE LOOT.

WHAT'S THIS? THE INDIANS ARE RETREATING!

AH THERE YOU ARE— I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!

—SO AFTER YOU KNOCKED ONE OF MY SOLDIERS DOWN I VOWED TO FIND YOU AND HAVE YOU SHOT AT SUNRISE—BUT NOW ALL I WANT TO DO IS APOLOGIZE.
COLONEL, YOU AND YOUR TROOPS JUST SAVED ALL OUR LIVES— AND YOU DON'T NEED TO APOLOGIZE FOR THAT!
GOLDEN ARROW HAS MORE THRILLING AD VENTURES IN THE MYSTERIOUS, EXCITING OLD WEST IN NEXT MONTH'S— WHIZ COMICS

# Lance O'Casey

WE MUST HAVE REACHED THE ANTARCTIC CIRCLE. LANCE O'CASEY AND CAPTAIN BOOM HAVE ALL THEY CAN DO TO NAVIGATE... MR. MOCAN AND MABEL HAVE ALL THEY CAN DO TO HOLD ON!
DO A GOOD JOB, MABEL!
BREAK OUT SOME CLOTHES WE'LL FREEZE TO DEATH!
EEK EEK!
WE'VE HIT THE ANTARCTIC CIRCLE!

WHAT'S THAT?
SEE?
YE HARBOR OR STEAM SHAVE! I THINK I SEE LAND!
CROWD ON THE SAIL, ME BUCKOS!
I NEVER SEEN THE LIKES O' THIS BEFORE
REGULAR TORCH, CAPN. LOOK AT THOSE PLANTS GROWING!
I KNEW I SAW LAND.
CAPN. WE'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING!
LOOK! A FOOTPRINT! SOMEONE LIVES ON THIS ISLAND!

LANCE TAKES A STEP BACKWARD AND...
LANCE!
HELP! DOOM!
LOOK OUT, DOOM THERE'S A SNAKE!
AHOY THERE, SAILOR! AHOY!
OH-EEK!
BOY, WHAT A TRIP!
HIRAM HALLIS, FAMOUS EXPLORER WHO HAS BEEN LOST TO THE WORLD FOR TEN YEARS!
YES, I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT THE CREW DIED ONE BY ONE
CANNIBALS! GEE WHIZ!
AND THIS TROPICAL ISLAND DOWN NEAR THE SOUTH POLE IT'S A MIRACLE!
THERE'S THE THAT VOLCANO IN-TERNAL ERUPTIONS ON THE OCEAN'S FLOOR CAUSE IT ALL.

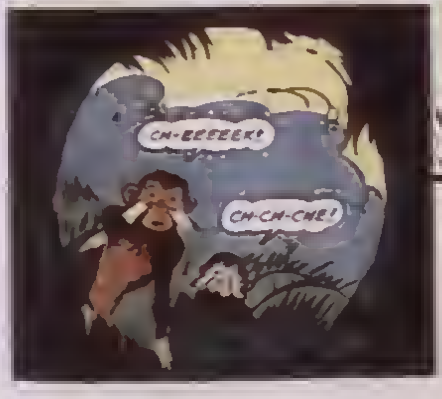
YES, A SECRET PANEL IT WAS I FELL IN AND...
HIDE! TWO GUARDS COMING!
TAKE THAT, YA HEATHEN!
MUNGA! MAH! MAH SUM!
MEAN-WHILE... CAPN DOOM HAS FOUND THE SECRET TUNNEL!
HERE I COME! A ROLLIN' INTO ACTION!
GOOD OLE CAPN DOOM!
AHOY THERE, SAILOR!
LOOK OUT, CAPN DUCK!
HERE'S MORE OF THE BLIGHTERS! NOW, WHAT'LL WE DO?

WE COULDN'T LICK THE WHOLE TRIBE
THEY'RE TAKING US TO THE VILLAGE

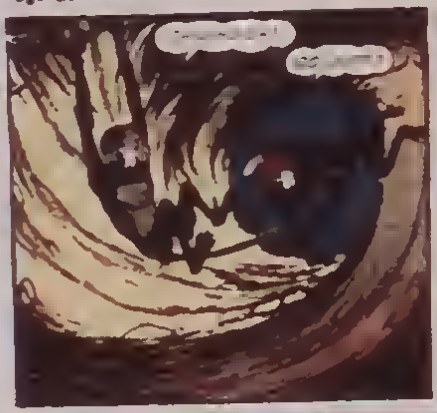
DON'T WORRY I'LL HELP LATER... AT THE TRIAL

TRIAL? WHAT DID HE MEAN, LANCE?
HE'LL BE JUDGE AT THE TRIAL. HE'S HIGH PRIEST OF THE TRIBE YOU SEE, TEN YEARS AGO, ETC... ETC...

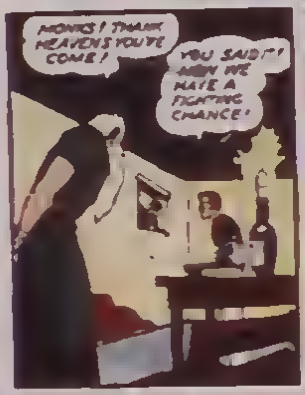
MEANWHILE, MR. MORGAN AND MABEL SEARCH FRANTICALLY FOR THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE.
CH-EEK-CH!
CH-CHE EEK!

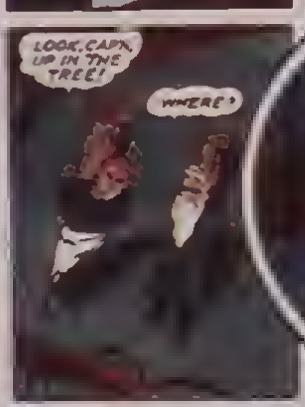

CH-EEEEEK!
CH-CH-CHE!

EEEEEOW!

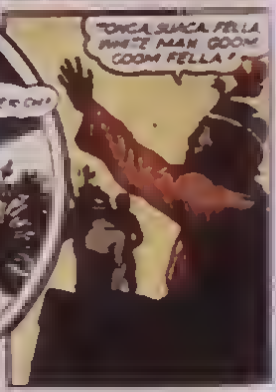


VA HOCA AND MABEL GO SEARCHING FOR THEIR PALS


MONKS! THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME!
YOU SAID! WHEN WE HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE!


LOOK, CAPT. UP IN THE TREE!
WHERE?

CH-EEE-CH!


"ONGA BUNGA FELLA WHITE MAN GOOM GOOM FELLA!"

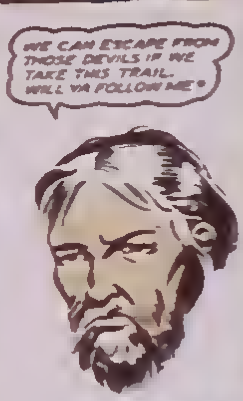
TONGA...FELLA WHITE MAN... (THAT'S HOGAN TO ONE) SUAGA... (GET AWAY AT ONCE!) GOOM FELLA!
STAND BY FOR ORDERS
"FACE "HIM AS HE" "YOUR POSES! BE READY FOR "THE BREAK"
BEHIND THE IDOL!)
TONGA - SUAGA..
ALRIGHT...I'M LOOSE, LANCE!
FINE!! HOGAN IS READY
NOW!
SEE IF I'M ALIVE!
BEHIND THE IDOL!
COME ON, MR. HOGAN!

GIVE GROUND CAPN WE CAN'T FIGHT 'EM!
HOLD 'EM LANCE! I SEE SOMETHING!

NOW'S OUR CHANCE. THAT'LL HOLD 'EM A MINUTE. COME ON!
HOW'D YA LIKE THAT YA SWINE?

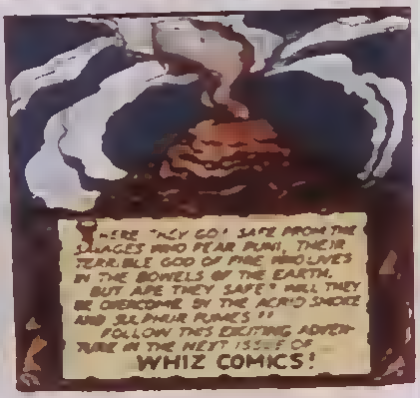
MURRAY! MURRAY!
SHAKE A LEG THERE, MONKS!
GULP!

POOF! POOF!
THAT'S THE VOLCANO. THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADING!

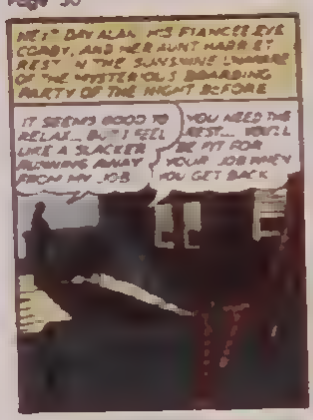

WE CAN ESCAPE FROM THOSE DEVILS IF WE TAKE THIS TRAIL. WILL YA FOLLOW ME?

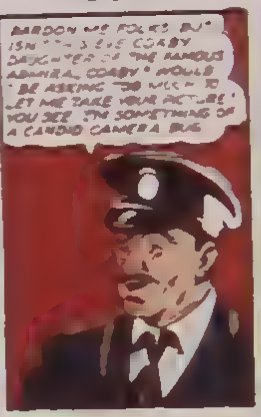
LEAD ON ME BUCKO! NO DOOM WAS EVER AFRAID OF ANYTHING!

PUNI UNGA PUNI!
FIRE GOD PUNI... MALO!
PUNI EAT FELLA WHITE MAN!


WHERE "HEY GO! SAFE FROM THE SAVAGES WHO FEAR PUNI, THEIR TERRIBLE GOD OF FIRE WHO LIVES IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH. BUT ARE THEY SAFE? WILL THEY BE OVERCOME BY THE ACRID SMOKE AND SULPHUR FUMES?" FOLLOW THIS EXCITING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WHIZ COMICS!

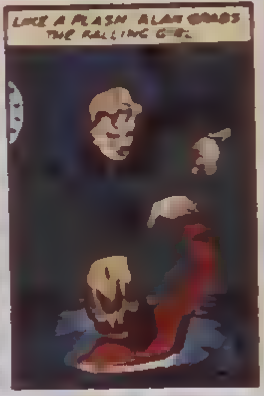
SPY SMASHER
SPY SMASHER, GREAT COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT, HAS JUST COME THROUGH A GREAT STRAIN. HIS MIND WAS TWISTED AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT, "HE'S BROUGHT BACK TO NORMAL BY THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN MARVEL.
DOCTORS HAVE RECOMMENDED THAT SPY SMASHER (KNOWN IN PRIVATE LIFE AS ALAN ARMSTRONG) TAKE AN OCEAN CRUISE. REST.
DID YOU SAY "REST"....?
THAT'S HER!
ALL RIGHT... BUT HOW QUIETLY
TWO MYSTERIOUS FIGURES BOARD THE YACHT ON WHICH ALAN ARMSTRONG IS TAKING HIS "REST".....
DON'T MAKE A NOISE.

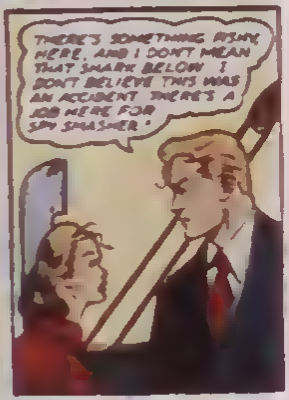

HE'S DAY ALAN, HIS FIANCEE EVE CORBY, AND HER AUNT HABBY ARE RESTING IN THE SUNSHINE LOUNGE OF THE MYSTERIOUS BOARDING PARTY OF THE NIGHT BEFORE
IT SEEMS GOOD TO RELAX... BUT I FEEL LIKE A SLACKER RUNNING AWAY FROM MY JOB
YOU NEED THE REST... YOU'LL BE FIT FOR YOUR JOB WHEN YOU GET BACK


BARDON ME FOLKS, BUT ISN'T SHE COMMODORE CORBY'S DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS ADMIRAL CORBY? WOULD I BE ASKING TOO MUCH TO LET ME TAKE YOUR PICTURE? YOU SEE, I'M SOMETHING OF A CANDID CAMERA BUG

WOULD YOU MIND SITTING ON THE RAIL? THE LIGHT WILL BE BETTER
WHY NO I GUESS NOT...

I FEEL LIKE A REAL CELEB. OOOH!


LIKE A FLASH ALAN GRABS THE FALLING GIRL


THERE'S SOMETHING RISKY HERE, AND I DON'T MEAN THAT SHARK BELOW! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS WAS AN ACCIDENT. THERE'S A JOB HERE FOR SPY SMASHER!

MY ORDERS FROM THE FAIR LORD ARE TO GET CORBY'S DAUGHTER ELI," THAT FOOL ALAN ARMSTRONG INTERFERED.
DON'T WORRY, I GET HER TONIGHT BUT DISS"

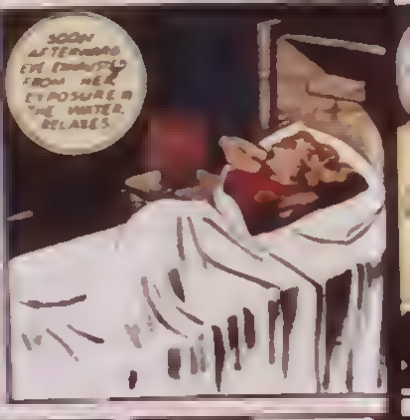
IT'S SO PEACEFUL HERE, I WISH ALAN [illegible] COME ON DECK

I THINK THAT BROKEN RAIL MUST HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT NO BODY WOULD REALLY TRY TO KILL SOME ONE EVEN OUT HERE
GOT AN AXE TO GRIND — BOY!
OVER WE GO SONNY BOY!
HEY LEGGO!
DOT FELLOW COULD TEAR ME APART!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE YOU FORGOT YOUR HATCHET
BUT A BYEHMET IS HURLED OVER SPY SMASHER'S HEAD AND TRIPS HIM UP IN THE
HEY EYE, LOOK! I CAUGHT ONE OF THEM!

THIS DELAY HAS PROBABLY GIVEN THAT GUY PLENTY OF TIME TO HIDE
HEY, COME BACK! YOU'RE MY PRISONER
LATER, LADY RIGHT NOW I'M AFTER A RAT!
NEXT DAY
HERE COMES THAT SAILOR. NOW I'M GOING TO FIND OUT IF THAT BROKEN RAIL REALLY WAS AN ACCIDENT
SAILOR, YOU WERE KIND ENOUGH TO TAKE THE YOUNG LADY'S PHOTO YESTERDAY. HOW ABOUT LETTING US TAKE YOURS TO-DAY... CLIMB ON THE RAIL!
NO, NO! THAT WOULD BE DANGEROUS! IT MIGHT BREAK!
ALL RIGHT, IF YOU WON'T WATCH THE BRIDGE THEN I'LL LET YOU NEAR ONE
AND NOW, YOU SABOTAGE ARTIST, I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU TO YOUR CAPTAIN AND YOU WILL BE DEALT WITH BY THE LAWS OF THE SEA!
ALAN ENTERS THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.....
CAPTAIN, THERE'S SOMETHING I FEEL SHOULD BE BROUGHT TO YOUR ATTENTION.
YES...?

CAPTAIN I FEEL THAT YOU SHOULD BE WARNED THERE'S A DANGEROUS MAN ABOARD THIS VESSEL I HAVE EVIDENCE THAT ONE OF YOUR SEAMEN IS ACTUALLY A SABOTEUR
TO HIS DISMAY ALAN SEES THAT THE CAPTAIN IS THE "SABOTEUR"
THAT'S VERY INTERESTING.
INASMUCH AS YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS CABIN ALIVE, YOU MEDDLING FOOL IT WILL DO NO HARM TO EXPLAIN THAT I AM NOW MASTER OF THIS SHIP, AND ALL MEMBERS OF THE REGULAR CREW ARE TRAITORS.
KURT! TIE HIM IN A SACK AND FEED HIM TO OUR FRIEND...THE SHARK
REMEMBER, PLEASE, NOT TO TRY ANY MONKEY BIZNESS.
THAT'S THE END OF MR. ALAN ARMSTRONG...
NOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE LADY, EVE!

MEANTIME, ANOTHER PLOT FOR ALAN, AUNT MARRIE DECIDES TO GO ON DECK
YES, A FRIEND HAS BEEN GONE A MONTH & I DON'T LIKE TO BE ALONE SO STAY ABOARD BUT IN A CABIN ON A DIFFERENT DAY, EACH TIME
BUT AS THE ALAN TOLD US SHE'S IN HERE I'LL BE COME BACK TO GO OUT WHEN IT IS DANGEROUS


SOON AFTERWARD EVE EMERGES FROM HER EXPOSURE TO THE WATER, RELAXES

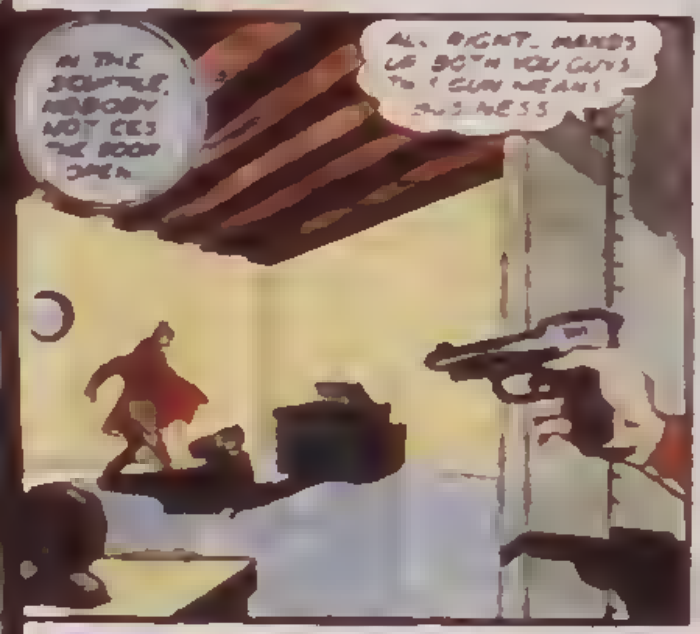
A HAND STEALTHILY TURNS THE KNOB ON HER CABIN DOOR

AH, THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

SHE IS TOO BEAUTIFUL AND TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE!

OH!
BUT THE GARMENT IS INTERRUPTED

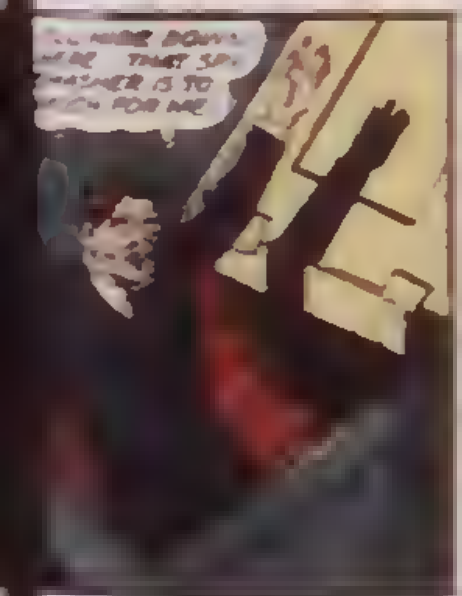
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE MISTER?
SPY SMASHER!


IN THE SCUFFLE, NOBODY NOTICES THE DOOR OPEN.
ALL RIGHT, HANDS UP BOTH YOU GUYS 'CAUSE I GUESS I MEAN BUSINESS

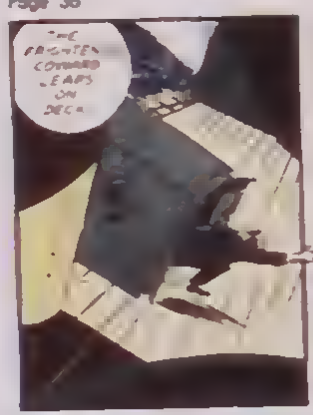
IT'S NIGHT MARKET... WHO THINKS BOTH OF THEM ARE
LIZ, YOU RUN AND GET A POLICEMAN OR WHATEVER IT'S THEY HAVE ON BOATS

THE ADVANTAGE OF THE SURPRISE VISIT THE CAPTAIN'S SPRINGS.
LOOK OUT, LADY, THAT POP GUN'S CAPABLE TO GO OFF

LOOK OUT... HE'S GETTING AWAY!
WELL!
OOH!

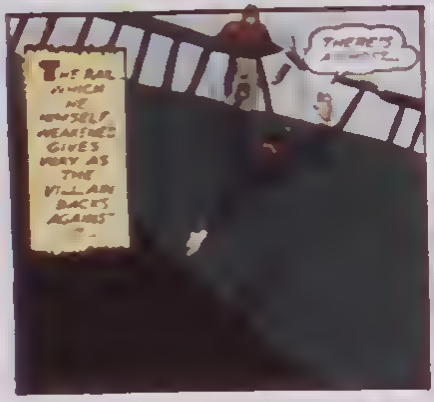

... HERE DOWN HERE THAT SPY MASTER IS TO WATCH FOR ME

WHAT'S THAT?

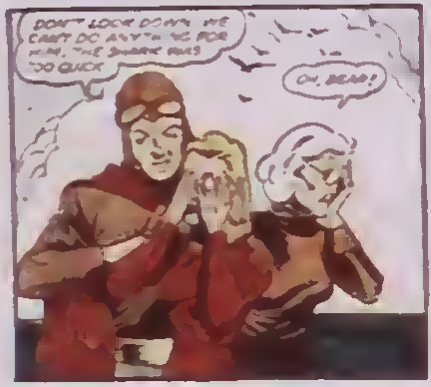

THE FRIGHTENED COWARD LEAPS ON DECK

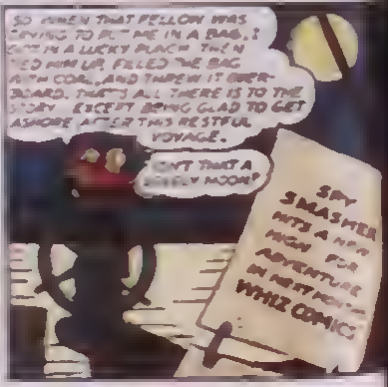
THE "CAPTAIN" DOESN'T REALIZE THAT THE "GHOST" IS ONLY JUST HIS PAL IN DISGUISE, STILL LYING WHERE SPY SMASHER TIED HIM UP
NUFF...!

NO, NO! DON'T HIT ME. I SURRENDER. DON'T HIT ME!


THE RAIL WHICH HE HIMSELF MEANTIMES GIVES WAY AS THE VILLAIN BACKS AGAINST
THERE'S A...

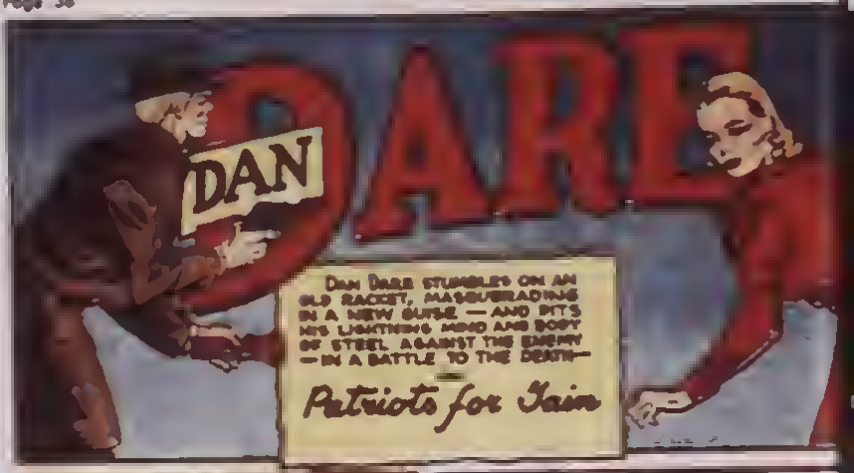
OOOOOOOOH!

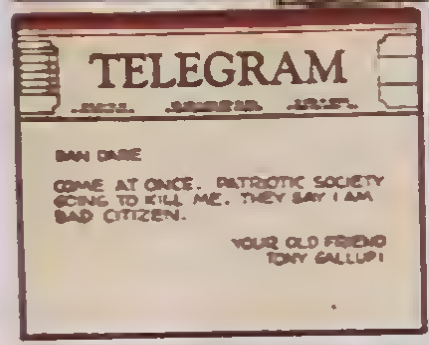

DON'T LOOK DOWN. HE CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR HIM. THE SHARK WAS TOO QUICK
OH, BEAR!


SO WHEN THAT FELLOW WAS TRYING TO PUT ME IN A BAG, I SOCK IN A LUCKY PUNCH THEN TIED HIM UP, FILLED THE BAG WITH COAL, AND THREW IT OVERBOARD. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO THE STORY. EXCEPT BEING GLAD TO GET ASHORE AFTER THIS RESTFUL VOYAGE.
ISN'T THAT A LOVELY MOON?
SPY SMASHER HITS A HIGH FOR ADVENTURE IN NEXT ISSUE OF WHIZ COMICS

# AMAZING ODDITIES

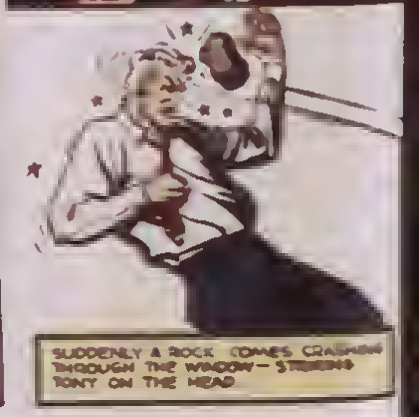
THE WATUSSI OF AFRICA ARE THE UNOFFICIAL HIGH JUMPING CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD! MANY OF THEM CAN TOP THE OLYMPIC RECORD BY JUMPING A HEIGHT OF BETWEEN SEVEN AND EIGHT FEET
SHARKS WERE RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS BY INJECTION OF A DRUG THROUGH A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE BEFORE BEING TRANSPORTED TO A FLORIDA AQUARIUM
SKUNKS


DAN DARE
DAN DARE STUMBLES ON AN OLD RACKET, MASQUERADING IN A NEW GUISE — AND PITS HIS LIGHTNING MIND AND BODY OF STEEL AGAINST THE ENEMY — IN A BATTLE TO THE DEATH—
Patriots for Sale


TELEGRAM
DAN DARE
COME AT ONCE. PATRIOTIC SOCIETY GOING TO KILL ME. THEY SAY I AM BAD CITIZEN.
YOUR OLD FRIEND
TONY GALLUP!

POOR, HARMLESS TONY. WHY PICK ON HIM?
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT

LATER, IN THE RESTAURANT, THEY TALK TO TONY.
—AH THESSA PATRIOTIC SOCIETY TELLA ME I MUSTA JOIN THEN I REFUSE. IT'SA RACKET. THEY NO PATRIOTIC SOCIETY
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'S A RACKET, TONY?


SUDDENLY A ROCK COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW — STRIKING TONY ON THE HEAD

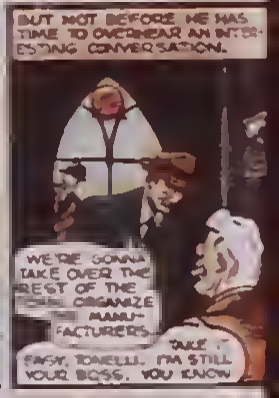
IT'SA DEM— DA FAKE SOCIETY!
THEY SEEM TO WORK LIKE THE OLD EXTORTION MOB.
YES. TELL US, TONY. JUST WHAT IS THIS SOCIETY?
FOREIGN-AMERICAN SOCIETY
WE'RE ALL FOREIGNERS. TO PROTECT OURSELVES WE HAD TO ORGANIZE TO SHOW WE'RE PATRIOTS. IT'S THE ONLY WAY IN THESE TIMES.
TONY TELLS HIS STORY.
BUT I TELLA YOU HE'S FROM OLD EXTORTION GANG.
AHH— YER NUTS!
YEAH—JUS CAUSE HE OPENED A RESTAURANT NEAR YOU—YOU WANNA GET HIM OUT.
I THINK DIS IS RACKET. I'MA NO JOIN.
THROW THE BLACKER OUT!
COME AROUND WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND—YOU TALK AND SEE TOO MUCH!
I'MA THEN THEY THREATEN A ME EVERY DAY. NOW THEY BREAKA UP MY STORE.
WE'LL SOLVE THIS SUPPOSED PATRIOTS' SOCIETY RACKET, TONY. YOU'RE JOINING TO-NIGHT, AND I'LL BE THERE!

YOU GO INSIDE AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN. I'LL FOLLOW TONY TO THE MEETING PLACE.
BE CAREFUL. THOSE MEN WILL STOP AT NOTHING

DAN DRIVES BY IN TIME TO SEE THE LEADER LEAVING —
GIVE TONY HIS CERTIFICATE. I KNEW HE'D CHANGE HIS MIND.
BRING MY CAR AROUND!

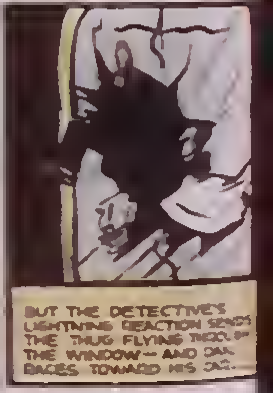
—AND FOLLOWS AS THE LEADER DRIVES TO A SWANKY SECTION OF TOWN

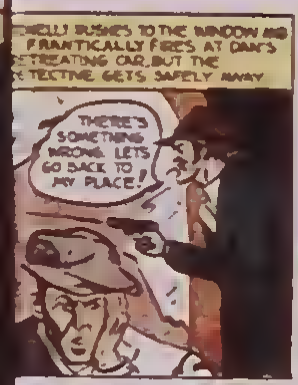
DAN, LEAVING HIS CAR TO INVESTIGATE, IS DISCOVERED.
YOU WON'T BE LISTENING LONG BUDDY.


BUT NOT BEFORE HE HAS TIME TO OVERHEAR AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION.
WE'RE GONNA TAKE OVER THE REST OF THE ORGANIZE MANUFACTURERS.
TAKE IT EASY, TONELLI. I'M STILL YOUR BOSS. YOU KNOW

NOT ANY MORE. YOU'RE IN TOO DEEP I'M TAKING OVER. RICHARDS!

AS DAN LISTENS, THE THUG SUDDENLY LEAPS FOR HIM

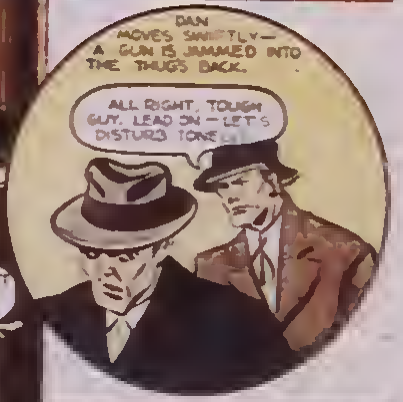

BUT THE DETECTIVE'S LIGHTNING REACTION SENDS THE THUG FLYING THROUGH THE WINDOW — AND DAN RACES TOWARD HIS CAR.

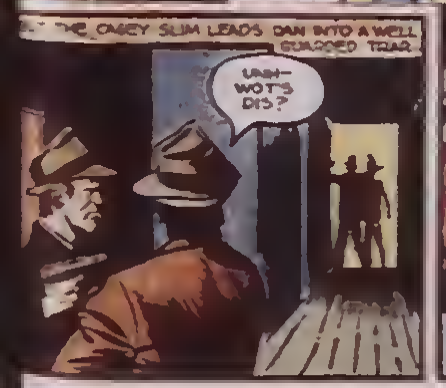

TONELLI RUSHES TO THE WINDOW AND FRANTICALLY FIRES AT DAN'S RETREATING CAR. BUT THE DETECTIVE GETS SAFELY AWAY
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG. LETS GO BACK TO MY PLACE!

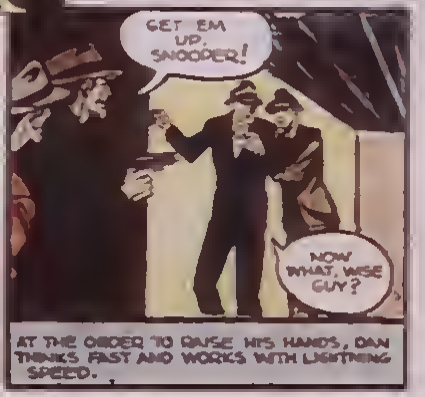
DAN GOES IMMEDIATELY TO TONELLI'S RESTAURANT.
YOU LOOK AS IF YOU SWALLOWED THE CAT.
NO, JUST CATCH ING UP WITH SOME RATS.

THERE'S A TIE UP BETWEEN TONELLI AND RICHARDS, THE BIGGEST BUBUSHER IN TOWN. OUR SOLUTION LIES—
HOLD IT. HERE COMES TONELLI NOW.

I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED AGAIN. GUARD THE DOOR, SLIBA.
SO HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED
TAKE IT EASY, HAWK SHAW!


DAN MOVES SWIFTLY— A GUN IS JAMMED INTO THE THUGS BACK.
ALL RIGHT, TOUGH GUY. LEAD ON — LET'S DISTURB TONELLI


THE CASEY SLIM LEADS DAN INTO A WELL GUARDED TRAP.
UHH— WOT'S DIS?


GET 'EM UP, SNOOPER!
NOW WHAT, WISE GUY?
AT THE ORDER TO RAISE HIS HANDS, DAN THINKS FAST AND WORKS WITH LIGHTNING SPEED.

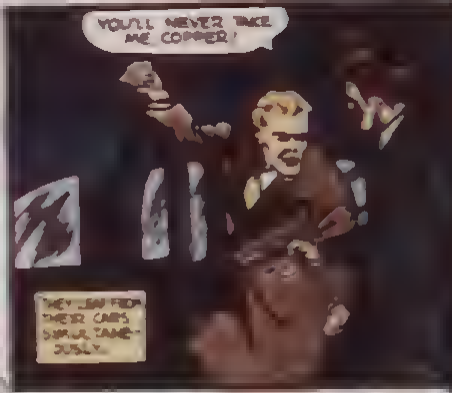
SEIZING GUN IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP — DAN USES HIM AS A SHIELD.
DON'T SHOOT, BROPPER!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS?
BUT, UNOBSERVED, ANOTHER GUN IS SHOVED AT HIM FROM BEHIND —
SO THAT GUY THINKS HE'S GOT SUM DOES HE?
— AND A CRASHING BLOW FROM A BLACKJACK SENDS THE DETECTIVE DOWN AND IRREMEDIABLY OUT.
NICE WORK, GINO — HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT.
LET'S TAKE HIM INTO THE BOSS.
THIS GUY WAS IN TONY'S WHE WE WRECKED HIS JOINT AND THINK HE FOLLOWED ME RICHARD'S PLACE.
LET'S GET THAT LITTLE DOUBLECROSSER.
SECURELY BOUND DAN IS BROUGHT BEFORE TONELLI
FROM HER SEAT IN THE RESTAURANT, CAROL SEES TONELLI AND HIS MOB LEAVE.
DAN MUST BE IN TROUBLE. NO HARM IN TAKING A LOOK.
LOOKS LIKE YOUR FRIEND TONY IS GONNA GO FOR A NICE RIDE.
NOISELESSLY, CAROL MOVES DOWN THE STEPS AND JAMS HER GUN INTO THE GUNNY'S RI
UNTIE HIM, MAC GUY OR I

THE THUG FOR A MOMENT CONTEMPLATES HAVING CAROL IN ARGUMENT. BUT —
OR ELSE— BOOOH—
BOP!
OR ELSE THIS GUN!
I SAW TONELLI LEAVE. WHAT HAPPENED?
NEVER MIND THAT. WE'VE GOT TO GET TO TONY'S BUT FAST!
SWIFTLY CAROL LOOSENS HER
—AND A MINUTE LATER THEY SCREAM TOWARD TONY'S.
BUT THEY ARRIVE TOO LATE
GOOD TONY! THE PLACE IS A WRECK
WHAT HAPPENED MATTER?
—GANG OF MEN — TAKE TONY AWAY—
THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN THAT CAN LEAD US TO TONY— RICHARDS
LET'S GO.
QUICKLY DRIVING TO RICHARDS' HOME, DAN LEAVES CAROL IN THE CAR. HE CONFRONTS RICHARDS IN HIS DEN.
WHO ARE YOU — AH-WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHERE IS TONELLI'S REAL HIDEOUT?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT— GET OUT!

THE SHRILL INSISTENT SUMMONS OF THE TELEPHONE BREAKS IN ON THE TENSE SCENE.
ALL RIGHT, RICHARDS. I'LL TAKE THAT.
—HELLO — YES — THIS IS RICHARDS SPEAKING—
ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE—
LISTEN, RICHARDS, YOU'D BETTER GET DOWN HERE THERE'S A PRIVATE DICK WORKING ON US —
RICHARDS, YOU'RE THROUGH!
YOU'RE TAKING ME TO THE HIDEOUT. I'M GOING TO CLEAN YOU AND YOUR RACKET FRIENDS OUT.
QUICKLY, DAN HUSTLES RICHARDS INTO THE CAR —AND THEY SPEED OFF. TO PULL UP MINUTES LATER IN THE REAR OF A DINGY LOOKING HOUSE.
REMEMBER, CAROL, IF HE MOVES, SHOOT— AND SHOOT TO KILL!
DON'T WORRY —I'LL HANDLE THIS SO CALLED LEADING CITIZEN
DAN SCOUTS AROUND THE HOUSE AND FINDS —

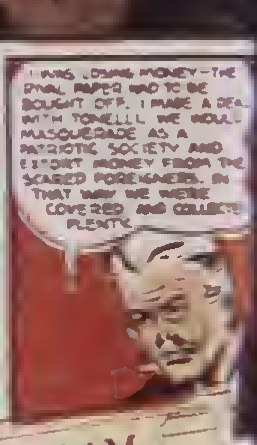
—TONY SECURELY BOUND AND GAGGED BY A COUPLE OF THUGS UNDER TONELLI'S DIRECTION.
WE'LL MAKE YOU TALK—
NOTTA ME, YOU BAT'S
I LIKE TO CRASH PARTIES—
I'LL TAKE THIS—AND YOU'LL TAKE THIS——
NOTHING LIKE YOUR OWN METHODS
CRACK
DAN DROPS THE KNIFE AND SAILS INTO THE TWO THUGS.
AN' WASTE TOO MUCH TIME—
BUT DURING THE SCUFFLE TONELLI SNEAKS OUT OF THE ROOM.
AN QUICKLY RELEASES TONY AND MISTRYS BACK TO THE CAR TO DISCOVER—
TONELLI FORCED AT THE TOOK [illegible] IN THE CAR!
[illegible] GO AFTER THEM—TAKE THE WHEEL.
THEY STRIK AFTER THE FUGITIVE GANGSTERS—AND SOON MOTORCYCLE POLICE TAKE UP THE CHASE

DAN'S CAR OVER TAKES TONELLI'S AND FORCES HIM TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.
ALL RIGHT, TONELLI, THE JIG IS UP!


YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME COPPER!
THEY LEAP FROM THEIR CARS SIMULTANEOUSLY.

OH—NO? THIS IS FOR THAT—YOU YELLOW LIVERED SWINE!
BEFORE TONELLI CAN FIRE DAN LETS HIM HAVE ONE ON THE CHIN.

ALL RIGHT RICHARDS HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?
I'LL TALK—I'VE HAD ENOUGH
HERE COME THE COPS!


I WAS DOING MONEY—THE FINAL PAPER HAD TO BE BOUGHT OFF. I MADE A DEAL WITH TONELLI WHO WOULD MASQUERADE AS A PATRIOTIC SOCIETY AND EXTORT MONEY FROM THE SCARED FOREIGNERS. IN THAT WAY WE WERE COVERED AND COLLECTED PLENTY.

THAT'S WHY HE WROTE THOSE EDITORIALS WARNING ALL FOREIGNERS TO JOIN. SOME OF THE PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES ARE LEGITIMATE — THEY'RE THE REAL PATRIOTS — BUT RICHARDS AND MR. KIND WERE JUST PATRIOTS FOR GAIN.
GET THIS WIRE TO DAN DARE AT ONCE!
TELEGRAM
DAN DARE
MYSTERIOUS DEATHS OCCURRING AT MUSEUM. STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES INVOLVE A MISSING MUMMY. PLEASE COME AT ONCE.
HECTOR BROWN
MAYTEN MUSEUM
NEW YORK

GUNMAN BOY

by RAC

Mike was scared [illegible] the killer, but he knew [illegible] life he'd take any [illegible] of a chance—

BIG CAR ground to a sudden stop at the lower [illegible] of the little hillside gas [illegible]

"Fill 'er up," snapped a hard, [illegible] voice, as a badly [illegible] deeply scarred face poked from the driver's seat.

"An' make it snappy," added [illegible] harsh voice. Mike ran out [illegible] the car as fast as his skinny [illegible] of fourteen years would [illegible] him.

"Regular, or high test?" he [illegible] out while still on the run.

"Might as well make it high [illegible]," rasped the scarred one, [illegible] with a terrible laugh: [illegible] not payin' for it anyway."

[illegible] sure having a joke with [illegible] thought Mike, but his [illegible] froze on his lips as he [illegible] up. The boy knew that [illegible] He had heard it described [illegible] the radio that very morning and with Mike's vivid imagination that was the equivalent of an introduction. He had read enough about Scars [illegible] to have known him any-[illegible]

[illegible] Mike was filling the [illegible] gas tank, his little [illegible] trembled and shook so, quite a bit of gas leaked in onto the roadway. The [illegible] mind was working fast. [illegible] alone with his tiny sister [illegible] not quite a year, who was [illegible] shack playing with her [illegible] Mike's father had gone to [illegible] to see the mother of the family in the county hospital. This was the first time [illegible] father had ever left the station to his charge—and [illegible] had to happen to him. [illegible] tankful of gas 'n almost pay. [illegible] deep blue eyes filled with bitter tears as he [illegible] there was nothing he could do about it.

In the meantime, Scars [illegible] jumped from the car and [illegible] intently watching the highway, which afforded an uninterrupted view for quite a way. Suddenly the outlaw stiffened like a panther getting his first faint smell of game. A big car was roaring up the road. There was something familiar about it to the cruel-scarred eyes of this escaped murderer who was wanted in several States. To anyone else, it would have been just another car, but to his hunted eyes, it appeared as what it was, a posse car—out on the hunt for him.

He wheeled and streaked for his car, jumped into the driver's seat, hesitated a moment—sprang out again, grabbed two high powered rifles and several boxes of cartridges from under the seat, and sprinted for the gas station shack. Once inside, he quickly barricaded the door and window.

"Come on out o' there, Scars Nelson!" commanded the sheriff, when the posse had drawn up before the little shack. Each man held a heavy rifle. In answer Scars snapped:

"Come an' get me!"

"Please don't shoot, Mr. Sheriff," pleaded Mike. "My little baby sister is in there!" The law men held their fire and withdrew a short distance. This was exactly what Scars had been waiting for. He carefully aimed at the broad back of the retreating Sheriff Johnson and pulled the trigger. A loud report barked—the Sheriff sprang into the air—half turned—twitched and fell to the gravel road of the station in a lifeless heap.

All caution left the posse. In their flaming anger at this dastardly [illegible] the [illegible] gas [illegible] men [illegible] fled [illegible] Other men [illegible] posse [illegible] gas [illegible] standing [illegible] but was picked off [illegible] the bandit before he had gotten half way. With a groan, he sank to the ground—dead.

DURING all that, Mike spun a mental picture of the layout of the shack. There was a very narrow opening at the rear corner where it joined the greasing pit. This had never been boarded up since the place had been built some two years ago. The opening was just large enough for Mike to squeeze through. But if he did crawl through that break in the wall, providing he could get there at all, what would he do then? Would he be any better able to help his sister then, than now? An inner voice urged him on:

"This is your chance to prove yourself as your father's son. Get into that shack with your sister. What you are to do then will come to you at the proper time. Go, now Go!" Mike ran back of the posse and circled the entire gas station layout. He came out of a bit of woods down hill from the back of the place. He got as close to the shack as possible, without being seen, and then commenced to crawl along on his belly, to avoid attracting the killer's attention. The grass was high enough to somewhat hide his small body. Suddenly bullets began to ping off

[illegible] and [illegible] quickly saw the movement in the grass. Mike recognized absolutely nothing. When the footfalls had ended, he crawled further on his under journey. Mike was so scared that his breath came in little gasps. A cold sweat broke out all over him. He wanted to get away from all this danger. He used to run so fast as his legs would carry him—but something stopped him from doing this. In spite of his almost unbearable fear, something within him forced him to crawl forward—forward.

The pace was now sending a murderous fire into the little shack. How anyone could be so done and live, was a mystery. Still their fire was returned by the others, and with interest. Mike noticed at the groaning pit, and dropped down into the bottom. He hesitated, before going on. After all, being out here was a far different thing from being inside with that killer. Why not stay here until the battle was over. Nobody would blame him. Everyone would say he had done the right, the smart thing. Who could he, a boy of fourteen, do against that killer, when the sheriff and his whole posse were getting nowhere with him?

"Go on! Go and accomplish that inner vision.

MORE SCARED than ever now, the little fellow approached the brush on the well. Luckily, he would be out of sight up he entered, for there was a real lucker there would like him. Mike was now climbing like an expert leaf. A terribly strong smell smelt, almost took his breath away, so he pulled his head into the opening. It was the boy's very first whiff of gun powder. It burned his eyes. He suddenly realized that he was actually in the shack—standing so the inner room with Scars Nelson, the most ruthless killer of the day. Mike crouched down and slowly, very slowly put his head out far enough to see. This took every bit of will power and force of character that he possessed. The pace still was now so scared so as he almost broke himself. He wanted to yell, scream, anything to relieve that terrible panic which seemed to be crushing him. Mike now took in the scene in the little shack. Scars Nelson was kneeling over looking through a little hole in the barricaded window. Every now and then he pulled at the trigger, the while yelling out a curse with. A short, snappy report would follow, accompanied by a puff of smoke from the gun barrels. Bullets from the posse crashed through the front wall, and whistled past as they buried themselves in the rear wall of the shack. Mike finally located his sister. She was over in the far corner, playing in some contraption or dough making out of the ordinary were going on at all. Scars was leaned the gun he had been using against the wall and picked up the other one. He did not turn around, nor in any way change his stance. His eye never left the gun hole for an instant. Suddenly, Ellen, evidently tiring of the entertainment in her corner, doubled up rolly fourth and really saw something of the world. She crawled over toward the outlaw, and stopped dead. What were all those nice shiny things on the floor? There were a many of them. They must be grand to play with. Why not crawl over and get some of them. The boy tried, over to look, to catch her eyes to somehow signal her to stay away from that bad man over there. She finally saw Mike, hesitated a moment, grinned at him, and then crawled ahead with redoubled speed. She was gleefully gaining a handful of the nice, shiny empty bullets, when she got tangled up with the outlaw's legs. With a creeping curse, he kicked her from under his feet. The baby went sprawling against the far wall.

Something snapped in Mike's brain. Like magic, all his fears vanished. He grabbed the first thing his eye lit upon, which happened to be a long, heavy [illegible] and, raising the weapon high over his head with both hands, brought down on the skull of Scars Nelson, with all the strength that his fury lent him. A deep, guttural groan came from the killer's throat as his legs pitched under him as he slid to the floor and rolled over, his grey eyes, glassy and unseeing, for no time. Mike let the door fall of its hinges and threw it open. He was then used by strong opinions as he lets from all the deputies plunged into the door. Luckily, they were so taken by surprise by the sudden opening of the door that one was way off.

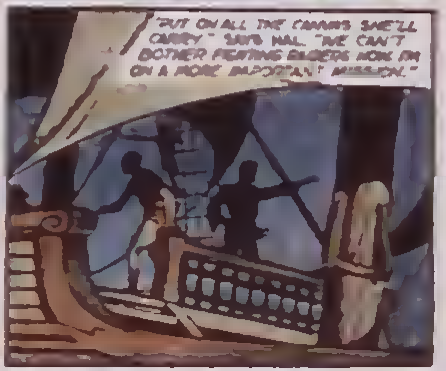
The deputies were looking at the murdered and appalling scars Nelson as Mike father entered. The Sheriff had just been put into a badly cramped [illegible]. The dead man lay on the ground covered with a tarpaulin. When the boy's father saw what had happened during his short absence, he groaned. The plan was a result. He had all he could do to save the mortgage payments, and with his wife in the hospital, this kind of happened all plans to the Store. they had to pick on his gun cabinet to change their hands. Mike came running out from the door carrying his little sister in his back. She seemed none the worse for her harrowing experience.

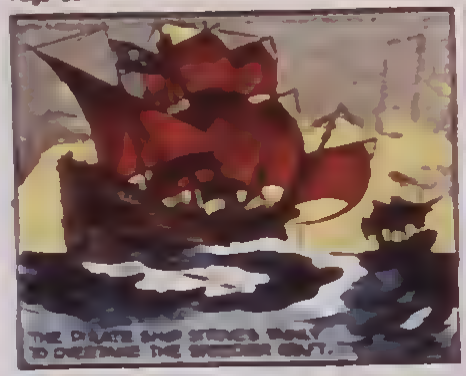
"Don't worry none about the damage to your place," said a deputy stepping up to Mr. Jones's car. "The State will pay for all that. Oh, I nearly forgot there some be some five or a thousand reward out for Scars Nelson's capture, and as you son's still a minor, you will get that too. Wonderful luck you've got there, Mr. Bowers, wonderful boy." Mike's father was too full for [illegible] to speak—all he could do was to nod. As he stretched out his arms to take little Ellen the gun fourth her clubber Curly and with a laugh: "Do you reward him there now, this empty bullets.

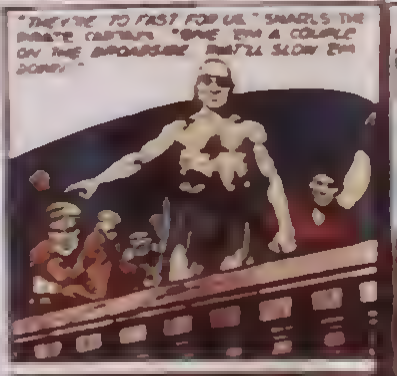
THE END

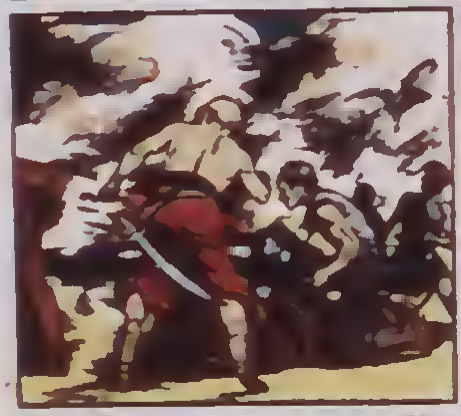
# Dr. Voodoo

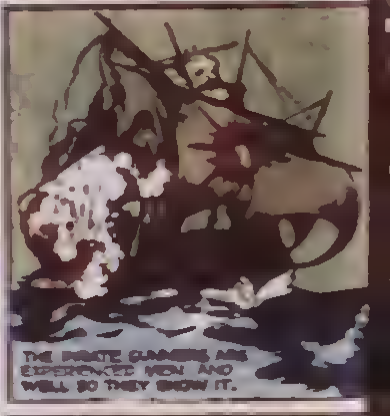
THROWN BACK THROUGH TIME, DR. VOODOO MUST REMAIN IN THE PAST UNTIL HE RECOVERS THE LEGENDARY GOLDEN FLASK — IN THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS. ON HIS WAY TO THAT DREADED VALLEY, HE BECOMES CAPTAIN OF A SPANISH SHIP —



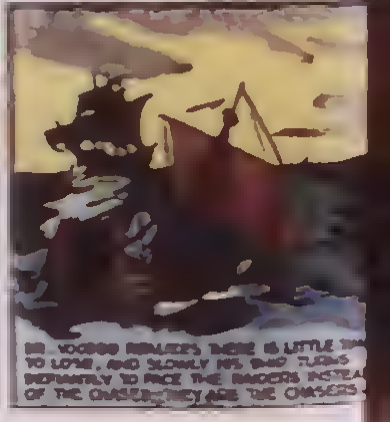

THE PIRATE SHIP STRIKES EARLY TO OVERTAKE THE SPEEDIER CRAFT.

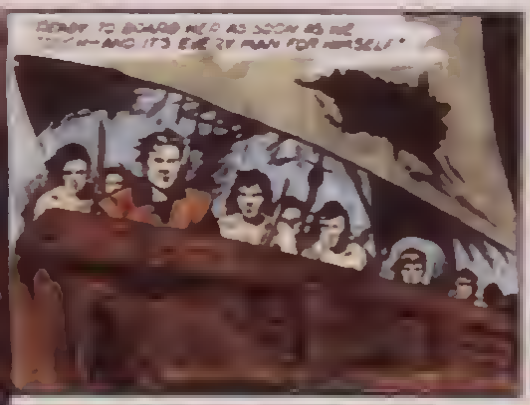

"THEY'RE TO FAST FOR US," SNARLS THE PIRATE CAPTAIN. "SPIKE 'EM A COUPLE ON THE BROADSIDE THAT'LL SLOW 'EM DOWN!"



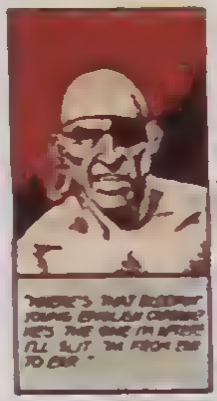

THE PIRATE GUNNERS ARE EXPERIENCED MEN AND WELL SO THEY KNOW IT.

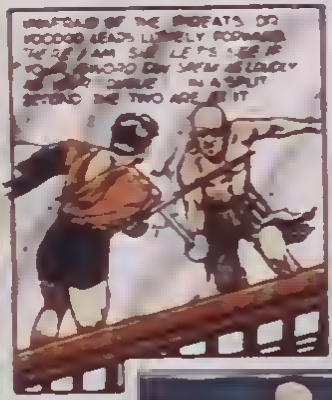
WITH THE SHIP COMP-ED. VOODOO AND HIS MEN HAVE NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE. "SO THEY WANT A BATTLE?" HAL ROARS ANGRILY. "THEN WE'LL GIVE THEM A BATTLE!"

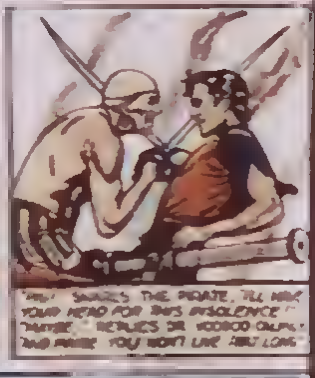

SO, VOODOO REALIZES THERE IS LITTLE TIME TO LOSE, AND SLOWLY HIS SHIP TURNS DEFIANTLY TO FACE THE RAIDERS INSTEAD OF THE CHASED—THEY ARE THE CHASERS.

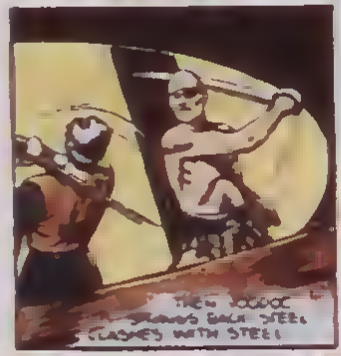


READY TO BOARD HER AS SOON AS WE TOUCH—AND IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!
WITH LOUD CRIES, THE [illegible] SWARM OVER THE SIDE AT SURPRISED BUC-CANEERS.
A GIGANTIC BATTLE RAGES AS THE TWO CREWS COME TO GRIPS. LUSTY CRIES OF TRIUMPH RING OUT FROM BOTH SIDES—WHILE ALL THE TIME GRIM DEATH TAKES ITS TOLL!


"WHERE'S THAT BLEEDIN' YOUNG ENGLISH CHARGER? HE'S THE ONE I'M AFTER! I'LL SLIT 'IM FROM EAR TO EAR"


BRISTOLS OF THE BUCCANEERS DO VOODOO LEADS LITERALLY POPPING THE EYE I AM SURE LET'S SEE IF YOUR VOODOO CAN SAVE HIS LOCKY


"NOW SAVAGE, THE PIRATE, I'LL HAVE YOUR HEAD FOR THIS INSOLENCE!" "THANKS," RETURNS DR. VOODOO CALMLY "AND MAYBE YOU WON'T LIVE VERY LONG"


THEN VOODOO DRAWS BACK STEEL CLASHES WITH STEEL!

HAL BURNS TO SEE HERO THREATENED BY A HORDE OF MEN "HOWEVER NO" HERO SEEMS TO BE IN A TIGHT SPOT LET THEM I'LL LEND A HAND

"MASTER" BREATHES HERO HOARSELY "YOU ARRIVED JUST IN TIME THESE FILTHY MEN'RE BEGINNING TO DO THEIR WORST"

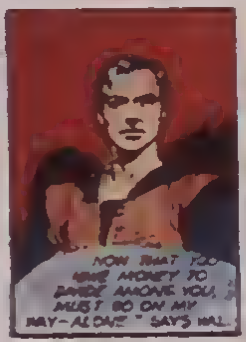
THE DECK IS LITTERED WITH DEAD—PROUDLY PIRATES—AS HAL AND THE ENGLISH SEAMEN CONTINUE TO POUND RELENTLESSLY. SOON THE ENEMY MUST SURRENDER—OR DIE HOPELESSLY.

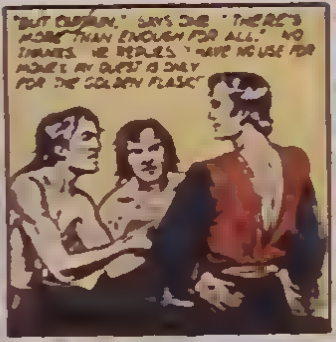
"ENOUGH!" CRIES DAE. "WE KNOW WHEN WE'VE LOST. WITH THE CAPTAIN DEAD THERE ISN'T MUCH LEFT. THE BOAT IS YOURS."

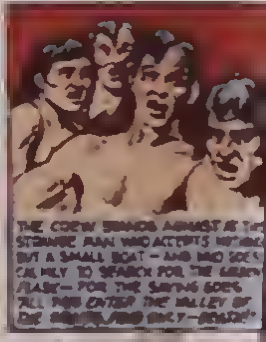
—ALL BE PUT IN PRISON FOR THEIR PARTICIPATION OF THIS MUTINY," SNARLS DR. VOODOO, "AFTER WHICH THE COURTS CAN DECIDE YOUR FATE."

SUDDENLY A SEAMAN APPEARS OUT OF A HATCHWAY. "JEWELS! TREASURE! TONS OF IT!" HE SHOUTS. ALL ATTENTION IS IMMEDIATELY TURNED ON HIM.

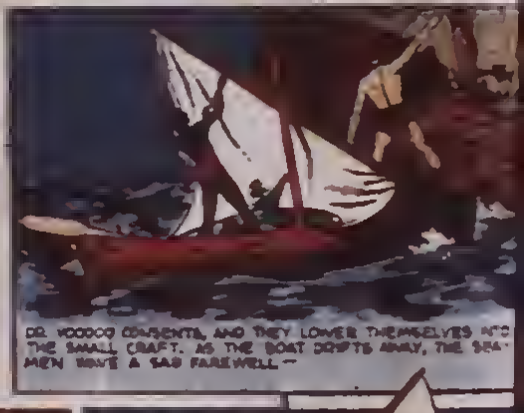
AGAIN DR. VOODOO SHOWS HIS MIGHT AS A CAPTAIN. "EASY, MEN," HE WARNS, "GOLD HAS TURNED THE HEAD OF MORE THAN ONE FRIEND."


NOW THAT YOU HAVE MONEY TO SPEND AMONG YOU, I MUST GO ON MY WAY—ALONE," SAYS HAL.


"BUT CURSAIR," SAYS ONE, "THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR ALL." "NO THANKS," HE REPLIES, "I HAVE NO USE FOR MONEY. MY QUEST IS ONLY FOR THE GOLDEN FLASK."

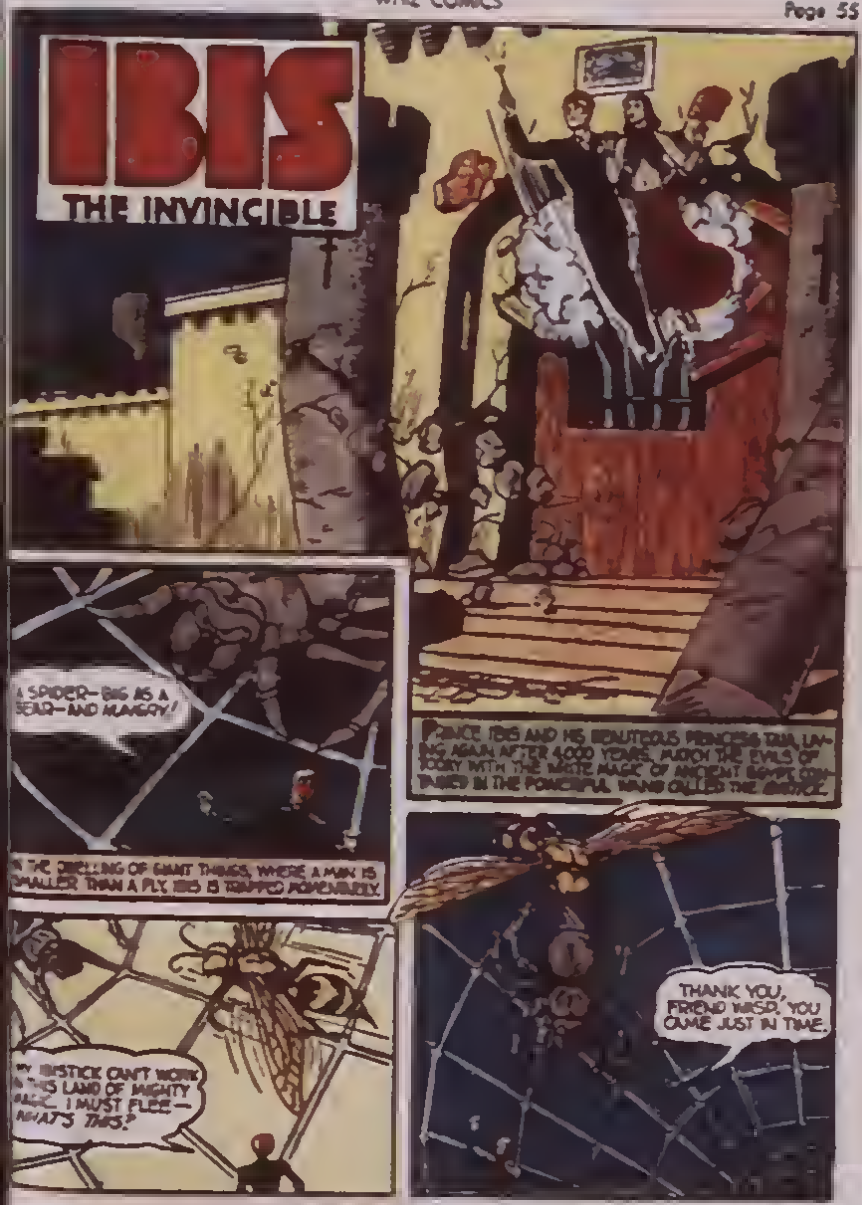

THE CREW BRANDS AGHAST AT THE STRANGE MAN WHO ACCEPTS NOTHING BUT A SMALL BOAT — AND WHO SOETS OFF ALONE TO SEARCH FOR THE GOLDEN FLASK— FOR THE SAYING GOES, "ALL WHO ENTER THE VALLEY OF THE SAINTS ARE SICK—DEADLY

AS A WELL PROVISIONED BOAT IS LOWERED OVER THE SIDE, HERO SPEAKS. "I DON'T WANT GOLD EITHER. I WANT TO GO WITH YOU ON YOUR JOURNEY."


DR. VOODOO CONSENTS, AND THEY LOWER THEMSELVES INTO THE SMALL CRAFT. AS THE BOAT DRIFTS AWAY, THE SEA MEN HAVE A SAD FAREWELL —

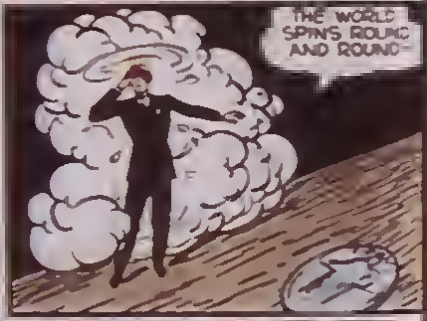
"FURTHER AWAY IT IS," MUTTERS ONE, "I DON'T SAY IT WAS EVELYAN—BUT I'LL BET MY BLOODY RED-LEG IT'S GOT THE BLOOD OF AN EVELYANMAN IN IT."

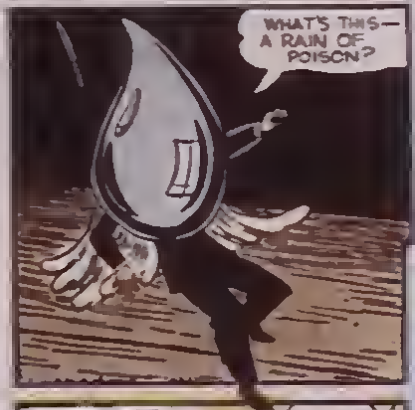
THEN, ONE DAWN, THE VALLEY OF THE SAINTS RISES OUT OF THE MISTS BEFORE THEM. AT IT MOUTH - THE GREEN OF THE SAINTS!


IBIS
THE INVINCIBLE
A SPIDER—BIG AS A BEAR—AND HUNGRY!
IN THE DWELLING OF GIANT THINGS, WHERE A MAN IS SMALLER THAN A FLY, IBIS IS TRAPPED POWERLESS!
MY IBISTICK CAN'T WORK IN THIS LAND OF MIGHTY MAGIC. I MUST FLEE—WHAT'S THIS?
SINCE IBIS AND HIS BEAUTEOUS PRINCESS TRIA LIVING AGAIN AFTER 4,000 YEARS, AVOCH THE EVILS OF SOCERY WITH THE WHITE MAGIC OF ANCIENT EGYPT, CON TRIED IN THE POWERFUL HAND CALLED THE MYSTIC
THANK YOU, FRIEND WISP, YOU CAME JUST IN TIME.

NOW I COME TO WHAT THE WEB'S FASTENED TO IS IT A CLIFF

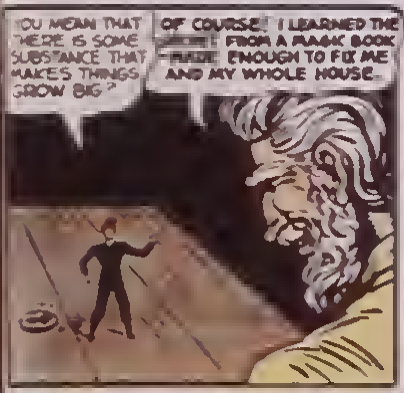
- OR A TABLE?

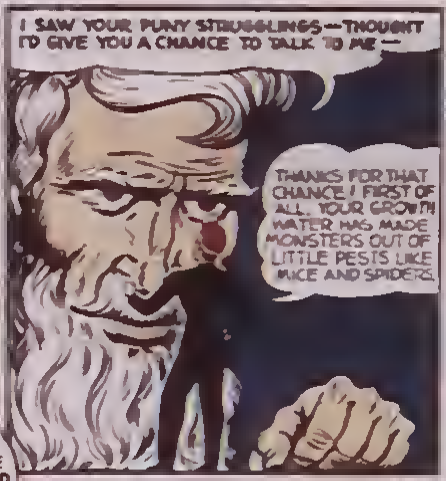

THE WORLD SPINS ROUND AND ROUND—

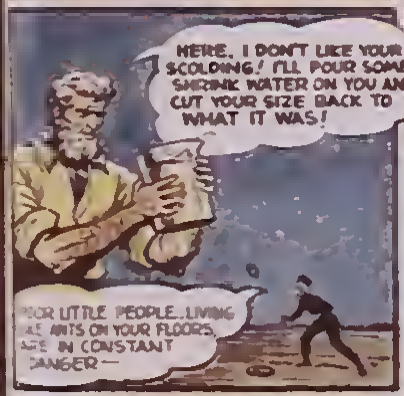

WHAT'S THIS— A RAIN OF POISON?

THINGS HAVE NOT CHANGED— YOU HAVE GROWN! I TOUCHED YOU WITH A DROP OF THE GROWTH WATER!

NO, MY LITTLE FRIEND!
WHAT — EVERYTHING SEEMS TO HAVE SHRUNK A BIT!

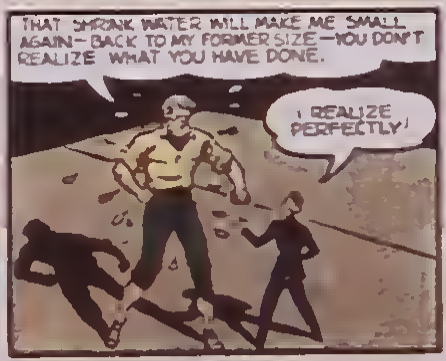

YOU MEAN THAT THERE IS SOME SUBSTANCE THAT MAKES THINGS GROW BIG?
OF COURSE! I LEARNED THE FORMULA FROM A MAGIC BOOK - MADE ENOUGH TO FIX ME AND MY WHOLE HOUSE.

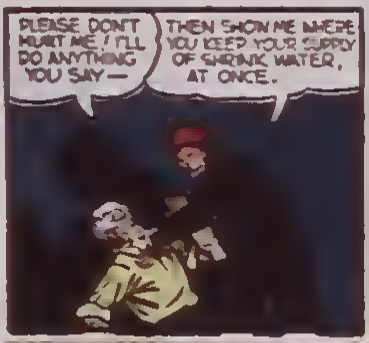

I SAW YOUR PUNY STRUGGLINGS — THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO TALK TO ME —
THANKS FOR THAT CHANCE! FIRST OF ALL, YOUR GROWTH WATER HAS MADE MONSTERS OUT OF LITTLE PESTS LIKE MICE AND SPIDERS.

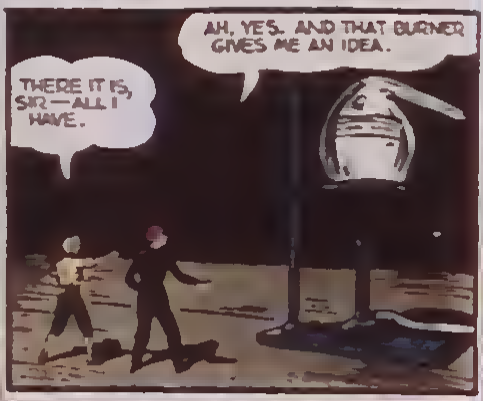

HERE, I DON'T LIKE YOUR SCOLDING! I'LL POUR SOME SHRINK WATER ON YOU AND CUT YOUR SIZE BACK TO WHAT IT WAS!
POOR LITTLE PEOPLE... LIVING LIKE ANTS ON YOUR FLOORS, ARE IN CONSTANT DANGER —

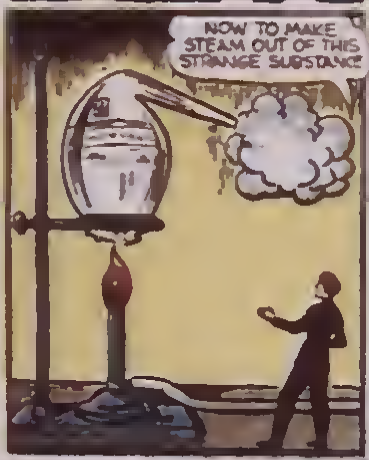
SHRINK WATER! IN THAT BEAKER — NOW IF THIS COIN —

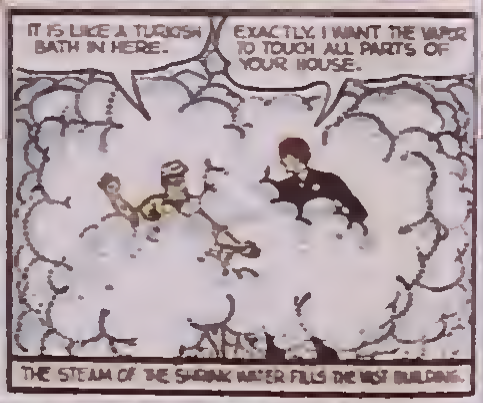
HELP!
CRASH

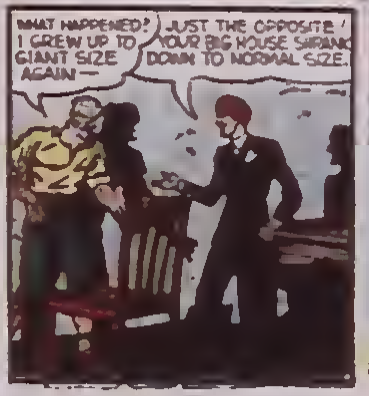

THAT SHRINK WATER WILL MAKE ME SMALL AGAIN — BACK TO MY FORMER SIZE — YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE.
I REALIZE PERFECTLY!

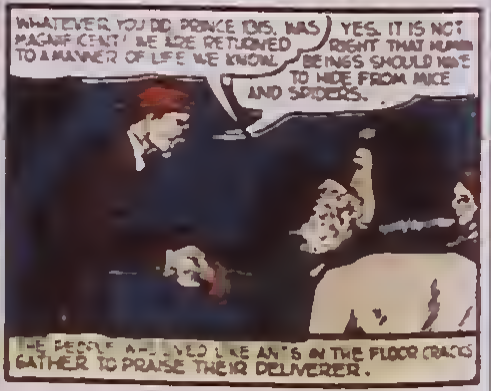

PLEASE DON'T HURT ME, I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY—
THEN SHOW ME WHERE YOU KEEP YOUR SUPPLY OF SHRINK WATER, AT ONCE.


AH, YES. AND THAT BURNER GIVES ME AN IDEA.
THERE IT IS, SIR—ALL I HAVE.


NOW TO MAKE STEAM OUT OF THIS STRANGE SUBSTANCE


IT IS LIKE A TURKISH BATH IN HERE.
EXACTLY. I WANT THE VAPOR TO TOUCH ALL PARTS OF YOUR HOUSE.
THE STEAM OF THE SHRINK WATER FILLS THE WEE BUILDING.

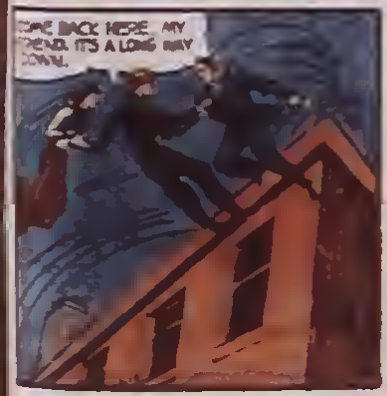

WHAT HAPPENED? I GREW UP TO GIANT SIZE AGAIN—
JUST THE OPPOSITE! YOUR BIG HOUSE SHRANK DOWN TO NORMAL SIZE.

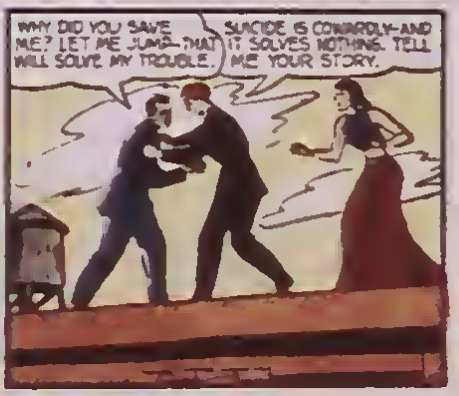

WHATEVER YOU DID, PRINCE TOTS, WAS MAGNIFICENT! WE ARE RETURNED TO A MANNER OF LIFE WE KNOW.
YES. IT IS NOT RIGHT THAT HUMAN BEINGS SHOULD HAVE TO HIDE FROM MICE AND SPIDERS.
THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED LIKE ANTS IN THE FLOOR CRACKS GATHER TO PRAISE THEIR DELIVERER.

COME, TALA, SINCE THIS PLACE HAS RETURNED TO NORMAL, OUR MAGIC WAND WILL HAVE POWER. IBISTICK RETURN US TO AMERICA.

CAN'T GET USED TO THE SPEED OF THE IBISTICK MAGIC. BACK IN NEW YORK—
—AND PLENTY OF TROUBLE TO ATTEND TO. LOOK UP THERE!

IBISTICK! TAKE US TO THERE— QUICK!

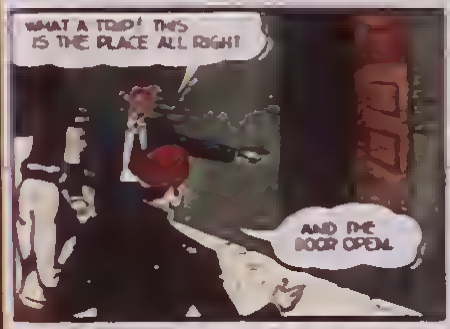

COME BACK HERE, MY FRIEND. IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN.


WHY DID YOU SAVE ME? LET ME JUMP—THAT WILL SOLVE MY TROUBLE.
SUICIDE IS COWARDLY—AND IT SOLVES NOTHING. TELL ME YOUR STORY.

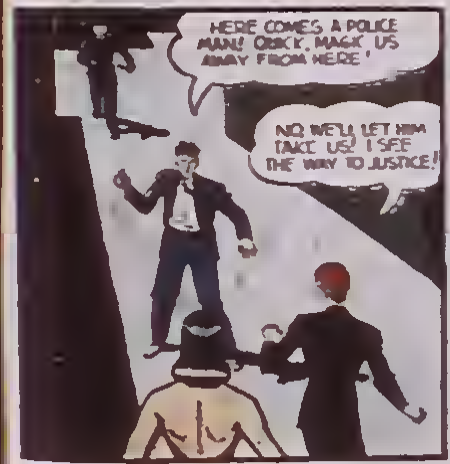
I'M REX CORMAN—SON OF PROSECUTING ATTORNEY CORMAN. WHEN I FINISHED MY LAW COURSE, DAD TOOK ME ON HIS STAFF AS AN ASSISTANT—
COME ON, REX, HERE'S THAT PHONE CALL SAID WE COULD LEARN ALL ABOUT THE TAXICAB RACKET.
WHAT? YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO GIVE ME INFORMATION!
"DAD OPENED THE DOOR—RECOGNIZED SOMEONE INSIDE!"
YES! I'M THE HEAD OF THE RACKET—TAKE THAT!
DAD!
AND HERE'S A CRACK FOR YOU!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I SEEN IT, OFFICER! THE TWO WAS FIGHTIN'—THE YOUNG GUY SHOT THE OLD GUY, WHO KNOCKED HIM DOWN AND THEN DIED

I ARREST YOU FOR MURDER— OW!
YOU DARE TO ACUSE ME OF KILLING MY DAD?

-AFTER THAT I RAN BUT I FELT DOOMED-THOUGHT IT BEST TO DIE
NO! LET'S DO JUSTICE! DETECTIVE, TAKE US TO THE MURDER SPOT.


WHAT A TRIP! THIS IS THE PLACE ALL RIGHT
AND THE DOOR OPENS

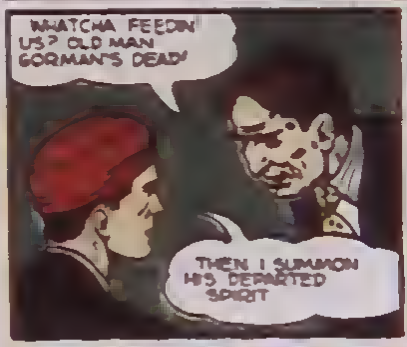
THE KILLER WAS CLEVER— HE LEFT NO CLUES —

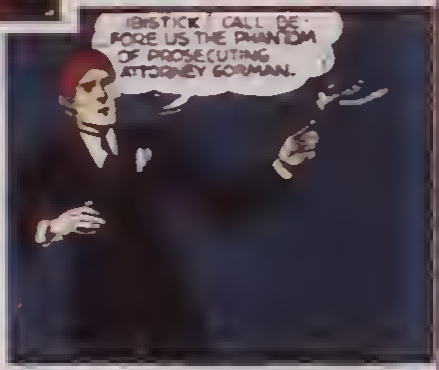

HERE COMES A POLICE MAN! QUICK, MACK, US AWAY FROM HERE!
NO, WE'LL LET HIM TAKE US! I SEE THE WAY TO JUSTICE!

I GOTCHA, REX GORMAN FOR KILLING YOUR FATHER.
PLEASE OFFICER—MR. GORMAN SURRENDERS. HE WILL STAND TRIAL AT ONCE.

VERY IRREGULAR, BUT—WELL AGREE. SUMMON THE WITNESS, MR. MUDGE.
YOUR HONOR, I DEMAND TRIAL HERE AND NOW—WITH NO DELAY

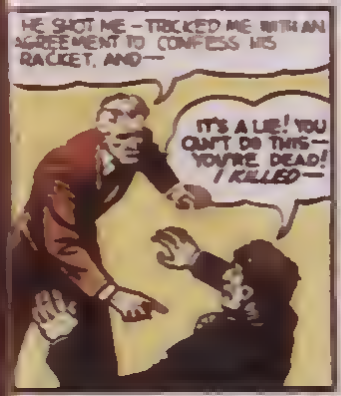
—I SEEN HIM DO IT, YER HONOR I SWEAR TO THAT!
WELL, REX GORMAN?
LET ME SPEAK FOR HIM, PLEASE. WE [illegible] AS A [illegible] HIS FATHER!


WHATCHA FEEDIN' US? OLD MAN GORMAN'S DEAD!
THEN I SUMMON HIS DEPARTED SPIRIT

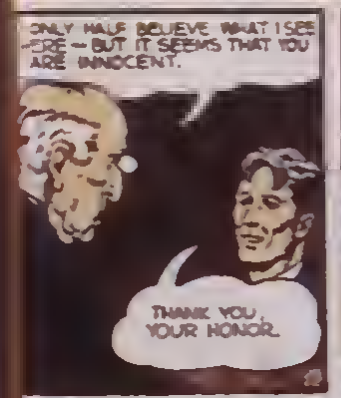

[illegible]STICK! CALL BEFORE US THE PHANTOM OF PROSECUTING ATTORNEY GORMAN.

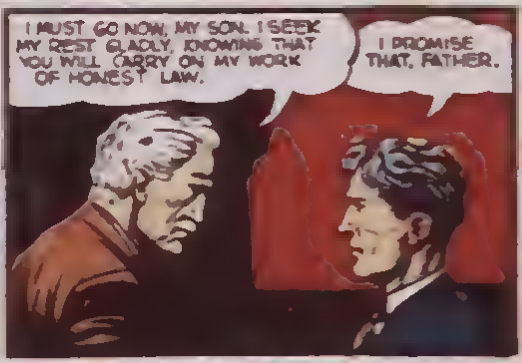
HEY! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

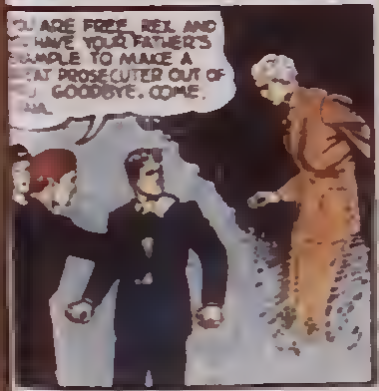
FATHER! YOU'RE RETURNED!
ONLY FOR A MOMENT, MY BOY—TO SEE THAT YOU ARE SET FREE.


HE SHOT ME – TRICKED ME WITH AN AGREEMENT TO CONFESS HIS RACKET, AND—
IT'S A LIE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS— YOU'RE DEAD! I KILLED—

ARREST THAT MAN, OFFICER!
I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!


ONLY HALF BELIEVE WHAT I SEE HERE – BUT IT SEEMS THAT YOU ARE INNOCENT.
THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR.

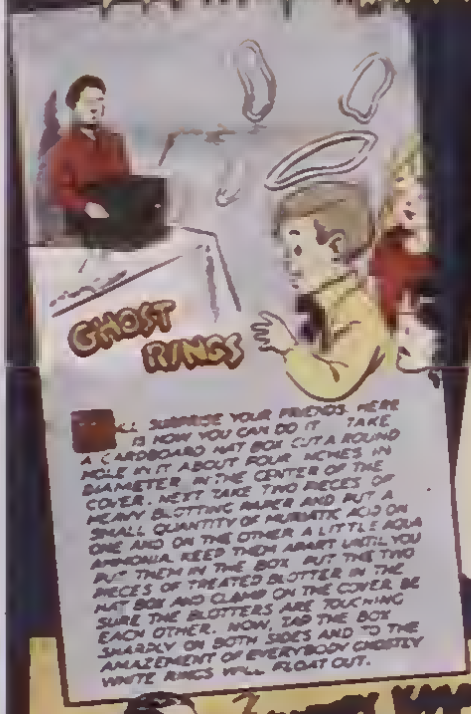

I MUST GO NOW, MY SON. I SEEK MY REST GLADLY, KNOWING THAT YOU WILL CARRY ON MY WORK OF HONEST LAW.
I PROMISE THAT, FATHER.


YOU ARE FREE, REX, AND YOU HAVE YOUR FATHER'S EXAMPLE TO MAKE A GREAT PROSECUTER OUT OF YOU. GOODBYE, COME, IRA.

THERE'S THE GUY WHO PUT THIS JOB ON ME! I'LL RUB HIM OUT!
NOT EVEN THE IBISTICK WARNS IBIS OF THE SINISTER, SNEAKING KILLER WHO FOLLOWS WITH EVIL IN HIS HEART. WHAT WILL MUDGE DO FOR VENGEANCE, AND HOW WILL IBIS AVERT FATE? FOLLOW THIS ADVENTURE TO ITS CLIMAX IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF –
WHIZ COMICS

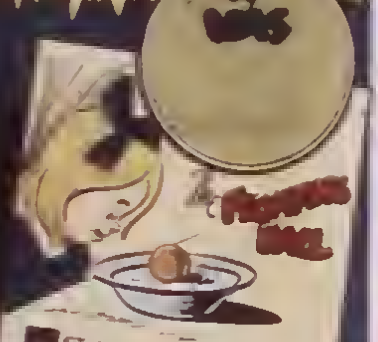
# WHIZ MAGIC

by WAG



## GHOST RINGS

ALL SURPRISE YOUR FRIENDS. HERE IS HOW YOU CAN DO IT. TAKE A CARDBOARD HAT BOX CUT A ROUND HOLE IN IT ABOUT FOUR INCHES IN DIAMETER IN THE CENTER OF THE COVER. NEXT TAKE TWO PIECES OF HEAVY BLOTTING PAPER AND PUT A SMALL QUANTITY OF MURIATIC ACID ON ONE AND ON THE OTHER A LITTLE AQUA AMMONIA. KEEP THEM APART UNTIL YOU PUT THEM IN THE BOX. PUT THE TWO PIECES OF TREATED BLOTTER IN THE HAT BOX AND CLAMP ON THE COVER. BE SURE THE BLOTTERS ARE TOUCHING EACH OTHER. NOW, TAP THE BOX SHARPLY ON BOTH SIDES AND TO THE AMAZEMENT OF EVERYBODY GHOSTLY WHITE RINGS WILL FLOAT OUT.



## FLOATING BALL

GET A TWO INCH HOLLOW RUBBER BALL AFLOAT A BASIN OF WATER AND TRY TO TAPE IT OUT. USING THE MOUTH ONLY.

HERE'S HOW IT IS DONE - AS THE LIPS TOUCH THE BALL INHALE VIGOROUSLY AND THE BALL WILL BE DRAWN TO THEM BY EXHAUSTION OF THE AIR. LIFT UP YOUR HEAD AND DROP THE BALL IN YOUR HAND

## THE WATER KNIFE

TAKE A DINNER KNIFE AND ASK SOMEONE TO EXAMINE IT. WHEN YOU GET IT BACK SQUEEZE IT AND WATER WILL RUN DOWN THE BLADE. TO DO THIS SOAK A PIECE OF COTTON IN WATER AND PUT IT BEHIND YOUR EAR. AFTER THE KNIFE IS EXAMINED RAISE IT TO YOUR EAR, AND ASK SOMEONE TO TOUCH YOUR ELBOW WITH THEIR FINGER WHILE THAT IS BEING DONE SQUEEZE THE COTTON LATER... DROP IT IN YOUR ROCKET.

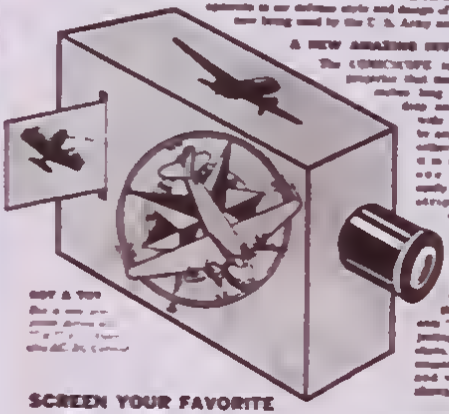
## THE INVISIBLE CANDLE

SAY THAT YOU CAN PUT A LIGHTED CANDLE IN SUCH A PLACE THAT EVERYBODY BUT ONE CAN SEE IT. SUCH A PERSON IS NOT TO BE BLINDFOLDED OR PREVENTED FROM TURNING IN ANY WAY..... TO DO THIS PLACE THE CANDLE ON THE HEAD OF THE ONE WHO IS NOT TO SEE IT.

# Absolutely FREE!

*Special to the readers of* **WHIZ COMICS**

## WINGS OF AMERICA



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